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Death, and the Fear thereof.

Original.

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MAN'S entrance upon, and his departure from, this stage of being, are alike natural events: That is, he is as much controlled by the immutable laws of divine providence in nature, in his egress out of, as in his ingress into, this state of existence. Solomon has pronounced man as obedient to the fixed laws of his nature, when he dies, as when he is born. 'To every thing there is a season: A time to be born and a time to die.' Hence their opinions must be regarded as the offspring of the veriest superstition, who contend, that natural births are events of sovereign nature, purely independent of human volition, while they maintain, that natural death is a result consequent upon the creature's own voluntary, self-determined, evil actions! Such would feign persuade us, that, in place of man's death like his birth, being an occurrence of common nature, certainly fixed by divine providence in the sure operations of the principles of our being, it is in opposition to those laws; and, that, while God has ordained 'a time' when man shall be born, it is *himself* who is the author of a time to die! This theory contains as little philosophy and common sense, as respect for the wisdom and sovereignty of the Almighty. Solomon does not affirm, when he assures us, that there is a time to be born, and a time to die, that the first of these events is a decree of divine Providence, under his special and immediate direction; and that the *last* is the creature of man's voluntary, evil deeds: And he who has made this discovery, and can substantiate the same, may reasonably demand, that the distinguishing appellation of, '*wise man*,' conferred upon the king of Israel, shall be transferred to himself.

I am not insensible of the fact, that the penalty

of the law violated by man in the garden of innocence, was death; but I am equally aware, that *that* death was experienced simultaneously with the act of disobedience. The *day* thou eatest thereof, thou shalt *surely* die, was the divine premonition. As the natural life of the transgressor was continued about one hundred and thirty years after he had eaten the prohibited fruit, we learn, that this death related, solely, to his moral and spiritual condition. I know it is asserted, that this penalty was *trium* in its character having respect to a moral death on the day of disobedience, and subsequently, to the death of the body, and more remotely still, and finally, to an eternal death of the soul, beyond the confines of time. But all this is gratuitous assumption, equally destitute of support from reason, the light of nature, and the scriptures; and as cruel and unjust in the Creator to execute, as it is beyond the ability of man to merit, or endure. Away, then, with that preposterous and unholy daring, which would give to the *simple* and *single* penalty of the Creator's law—moral death—a threefold multiplication, with an *addenda infinitum* of unearthly woes, in manifest opposition to the righteousness and will of God, the deserts of his children, and the dictates of reason and revelation. Yes, away with it!

That this penalty of death, received no postponement in its execution upon the first transgressors, is not only proved by the assurance of the Omnipotent, that its power should fall upon him in the self same day that sin abounded, but from the guilt which betrayed itself in his every word and action. The sign of moral death, which Paul pronounces the wages of sin, and the child of transgression, was read in every movement of the criminal. Fear and trembling took possession of his mind. He would feign have concealed himself from the presence of his Maker, and

shut out from his observation and knowledge, the sin he had committed. Here are the proofs, here is the *demonstration*, that he who had threatened his creature with death, contemporary with his violation of his law, had been faithful and prompt to execute. That day had witnessed his sin, and that day also saw him morally dead. This guilt, this fear and trembling, this effort to conceal himself, and to suppress his disobedience, are our vouchers, that the penalty had not been postponed. Yes, *these* were the manifest—the apparent *fruits* and *effects* of the penalty of the law, he had broken. The Creator, in the progress of this examination and punishment of his erring child, assures the head of the natural creation, that physical death was one item in his earthly lot; not because he had violated his moral law, but because he was composed of dissoluble materials, and was necessarily subject to their laws. ‘Dust thou art,’ says the great Creator, ‘and unto dust thou shalt return’. Here, the great secret of man’s *certain* destination to death and the grave, is disclosed—he is dust. His physical composition is of dissolving elements—in their *nature* such; therefore, for that reason, being a subject of the invincible laws of mortality and dust, he *must* return to it—he must die.

Solomon must have come to the conclusion, that there is a time to die, from a consideration of the same fact. He saw this law written out upon every object in the visible world. He saw decay and death impressed upon the lineaments of all his Creator’s works. The proudest monuments of nature and art, were levelled with the dust, by the wasting hand of time. Neither wealth, station, nor human greatness and grandeur, were any protection from the leveling influence and prostrating mightiness of that power which reigns with an imperial and irresistible sway over all that is earth-born. The sweet innocence of childhood, the inexperience and buoyancy of youth, the ripened strength and matured developments of manhood, the sage wisdom and venerable brow of the aged, were no objects of discriminating regard with the grim tyrant—*decay*! Beauty and deformity, intelligence and idiocy, strength and weakness, were alike subjects of his blighting dominion. The dwarf and the giant of Gath, the compassionate and the lion-hearted, the considerate and the impetuous, the coward and the man of valor, the abstinent and the wine-bibber, the wise and the unwise, the God-fearing and the God-dishonor-

ing, the sullen misanthrope and the sycophantic cosmopolite, all—all bore the inscription of the destroyer. Time was ever on the wing; and a brush of his pinion had abolished thrones and principalities, laid kingdoms, nations and empires waste, crumbled the perpetual hills and everlasting mountains into dust, dried up the deep fountains of the mighty waters, and infected the life-springs of nature’s self, with the palsy and decrepitude of age. These were signs not to be mistaken, and such as led the wisdom of Solomon to write ‘vanity’ upon all beneath the sun, and to say, there is a time to die, determined by the original economy of creation, unto all things of mortal name and date. And the steady march of time, in his untiring career, for some thousand years subsequently, has brought with every hurrying moment, fresh testimonials of the facts, that the time to be born, and the time to die, are equally events of the wise and merciful providence of God.

Were it deemed necessary to enter into a philosophical examination of the question, whether death be purely and primarily a *natural* event, growing out of the very principles, and enforced by the certain and unvarying laws of man’s original creation and organization, or whether it was superinduced by an extraneous cause, even the first disobedience, to me the task would not appear arduous. It would seem necessary first to establish well in our minds, this proposition: That the violation of every law is always followed by relative and respective consequences; that the transgression of a natural or physical law, is always and only attended by natural or physical effects; that the violation of a moral or spiritual law, is always and only followed by moral or spiritual consequences. These things being premised, and having well assured ourselves of their truth, let us ask, Was it a moral or a physical law, violated in the first transgression? The response is returned from every quarter, and in perfect agreement, That it was a moral law. Having learned that the law was a moral one, we shall learn also, never to attribute *physical* consequences to the violation of it; and therefore, we shall cease to regard physical or natural death, as an effect of the first disobedience. The Creator did not say to Adam, because thou hast violated a moral law, thou shalt suffer a physical consequence, and die. No; the annunciation of man’s mortality was made, on that occasion, by the Almighty Creator, in

perfect consistency with the immutable law of cause and effect: 'Dust thou art,' therefore, 'unto dust thou shalt return': 'Thou shalt return unto the earth, for out of it wast thou taken.' Such was the language of the Eternal.

With the mind duly imprest with these truths, namely, that man's birth and death, are equally, essentially and originally, common events of nature, it is natural to inquire, Why should the latter be more an object of dread to mankind, than the former? Why should it be deemed more terrible to experience the one than the other of these events, since both are absolutely and purely natural in their characters? Is anything consequent upon the regular operations of the eternal principles of human nature, to be feared or dreaded? An affirmative answer would upbraid the Almighty, and charge his work with positive evil. We see, then, if death be a common event in nature, it is wholly unnatural and unphilosophical to fear it. Hence, this fear, in whomsoever it exists, must be charged entirely to the account of a false, religious education. We are nowhere told, that the ancients, when they were sensible that the hour of their departure was at hand, were afraid to meet it. This fear is of modern origin, produced by the false doctrines of an hereafter life, inculcated by the creeds of men. That it is wholly contrary to the spirit of christianity to fear to die, is beginning to be generally allowed, by almost every sect in the present age.

When we say it is unnatural, unphilosophical, and anti-christian, to fear death, we would not be understood to contend, that we do not naturally, instinctively and unavoidably dread the physical pain, experienced in the struggle of dissolving nature. It is a law of our being, to recoil from whatever threatens us with bodily anguish and suffering. But it is one thing to dread the corporeal pains of death, when that event is attended therewith, and another, differing wholly in its origin and character, to fear death as a principle, when in its own proper nature considered. To fear death in the abstract, separately from the idea of bodily anguish in the act of dying, is what we pronounce unnatural, unphilosophical, and anti-christian: the offspring of a false education.

Lynn, Mass.

VIRTUOUS actions, like spots of water in a desert, shine and sparkle the more they are seen.

Sabbath Schools.

Original.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL is the nursery of the religious feelings of the young, where their moral affections are properly trained and nurtured. Labor there bestowed is not labor spent in vain, but its fruits will abide after many winters, and the greatest and best need not be ashamed to engage in the important work. We rejoice that season after season unfolds to us increasing effort on the part of the friends of truth, to advance on the heaven-inspired cause of the religious education of the young. The more children are interested in the exercises of the school—the more it is made to them a pleasant place, the more they will delight to wend their way thither, and they will gain the more instruction. In order to promote this object, the practice of having children recite short poems or addresses, is adopted in some of the schools in our vicinity, and has a fine effect. It is, indeed, a pleasant sight to see a little boy or girl, just budding from infancy, stand in the presence of all the school-mates, and recite a poem that calls their hearts to live for God and heaven; to cultivate the purest affections and holiest desires. Sabbath School exhibitions, so called, are well calculated to awaken interest in the minds of parents and guardians toward the Sabbath School, and also have a good tendency to encourage and animate the pupils. The prose and poetic articles which follow these remarks, were written for the school attached to the Fifth Society in Boston, (Br. O. A. Skinner's) and to be spoken by some of the scholars. That school honors the industry and christian affection of the pastor. He has done well, and we know that he has a sufficient reward in the love of the children, and the gratitude of their parents, and in the co-operation of excellent teachers. Heaven bless them all!

ED.

ADDRESS.

THE greatest and best of teachers was condescending to little children. That is one of the most beautiful and touching traits in his character. It distinguished him from all that ever offered systems of religious belief to man, as none ever before humbled themselves to notice the little ones around them, and none ever folded them in their arms and prayed for them in particular. Parents, as well as children should be deeply interested in the affectionate words of Je-

sus: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' Those simple words are full of instruction to all parents, as they were full of gladness to the mothers who brought to him their infants. Children can now be brought to Jesus through his truth. They can now be blessed with the gracious words of his lips. They can now be made to feel the influence of his prayers. His instructions are kindly continued to this age of the world, and still he says to parents and guardians: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' And who can be a better friend to bless them? Who loves them more than Jesus? Who can give them a better guide than he to direct them in the good way? O yes, if you love children, you must let them come to Jesus.

Do you ask, How shall they be brought to him? I answer, Through a knowledge of his history and doctrine. You can bring them to him, as you bring them to know many of the good men they never saw. You tell them of their goodness and honorable deeds, and make them understand how amiable were their characters, and they love those good men. Thus we love Washington, Lafayette, Howard, Murray, and many other philanthropists we have never seen. You can teach them *at home* of Jesus; his beautiful history; his meekness, kindness, and obedience; his love, and his labors for man, and your children will affectionately venerate his character and doctrine. But the *Sabbath School* must not be forgotten. The Sabbath School we so much love; where kind teachers, dear friends, loved associates, and pleasant exercises, fill our hearts with joy and gratitude, and direct our thoughts to our Father, our Lord, and our heaven.

Oh never will my mind forget
The pleasant hours, when I have met
My teacher, and companions dear,
To spend the sacred sabbath here.
Here have I learned of him who bled,
That he might on us blessings shed;
And felt my heart to him inclined,
To serve him with a willing mind.

It is more pleasant to learn in the Sabbath School where many are engaged in the same exercises; where are the companions our friends approve; where we enjoy social pleasures, and receive none but good impressions; and where are so many delightful enjoyments. Children will have more emulation and eagerness to learn in the happy school than alone, and seeing others around them loved because of their good conduct,

they also will strive to win the same affection to themselves. They will here learn to venerate the Sabbath and improve its hours, and be fitted early to be benefited by the exercises of public worship. The hours they here spend will give you quietness at home, that you may improve your own minds in the blessed religion given for fathers and sons, for mothers and daughters. Then, dear friends, do always love the Sabbath School, and remember the affectionate invitation of Jesus, our Teacher and Savior: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'

THE NURSERY OF PIETY.

PARENTS, do you seek a gift
Rare and precious for your child?
Search the rugged mountain rift,
Many a sweet flower groweth wild!
Search the mystic coral cave,
Where the radiant pearl doth lie—
Many a gem beneath the wave,
Wastes its fadeless brilliancy!
But you vainly hope, I ween,
Fairer flower, or gem to see,
Than upon our hearts is seen—
The rose, the pearl of Piety!

Gentle brothers, would you find
Amulet of potent art?
Talisman to guard the mind?
Shield to keep the guileless heart?
Would you seek the wreath of fame,
Earned in deeds of chivalry?
Would you bear a titled name,
Youthful sons of liberty?
I can tell you where to find
Charm of mightier potency—
In the pure, celestial mind—
The talisman of Piety!

Dear young sisters, do you love
Tones as soft as summer air?
Through the sylvan temples rove—
Hear the music floating there.
Other music, glad and free,
Steals from instruments of art,
But their proudest minstrelsy
Is not played upon the heart.
Every chord of that soft lyre,
Has a holier melody;
And its intermedial wire
Is the chord of Piety!

Early piety! a flower,
Sweeter than a rosebud's breath;
Charm of deeper, holier power,
Than a genii's magic wreath!
Early piety! a gem,
Purer than the moonlit snow—
Glowing in a diadem,
On a monarch's haughty brow?
No, 'tis nurtured by a fount,
Balmy as Bethesda's pool—
Seek this flower of Zion's Mount—
Seek it in a Sabbath School!

ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

LADIES: It is with no ordinary feelings, that we have looked upon the formation of your Society, and the efforts you have made in our behalf. The benefits we have already realized from your charity and labors, have laid us under high obligations, and filled us with gratitude and love. We never repeat the name you have chosen, without having our hearts beat with the most lively and pleasing emotions.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY: You are indeed an aid society. You aid us by increasing our numbers. You have all been young, and know how ardently children love company, and with what delight they cluster together. Our hearts were made for love, and we cling with fond attachment to our associates. Therefore, every scholar added to our number, adds to our joys, and increases our interest in this school. How many have your labors brought among us! Your acquaintance is extensive, and you have a wide influence, which you can exert to increase our number. The interest you manifest awakens an interest in others, especially in parents and guardians, and prompts them to send their children to our happy school. You aid us, too, by encouraging our teachers. They feel as though they had not all the burden to bear; as though our mothers and sisters were working with them. We are sensible, that they could have no greater stimulus than this; for why should they feel an interest in our welfare, if our parents do not? Why should they labor to train us up in wisdom and virtue, if our mothers and sisters will not work with them? We are sensible, then, that to your exertions, we are, in part to attribute the fidelity of our teachers, their zeal, their warm devotion. You hold up their hands—you second their efforts—you encourage them to go on in the good work in which they are engaged.

You aid us, also, by furnishing books. How many instructive volumes have you placed in our hands. Through your kindness, we have works which teach us the character, purposes and will of God; which tell of him who is the great, the good, the wise, and the merciful. Through you we have books which make known the Savior, which describe his character in a simplicity that captivates our hearts, and makes us love his charming name. Indeed we have books to instruct us on all subjects, which are profitable to our young minds. We can read of the creation; of the countless worlds that infinite power has made;

of the wonders, varieties and beauties of nature; of the glories and joys of heaven; of our duty and destination. We feel that we can hardly praise our books as we ought, since reading is of such high importance; so necessary to store our minds with useful knowledge, and prepare us for action when we grow up to manhood.

In all these ways, ladies, have you aided us; and we feel that we owe you a great debt. But how shall we discharge it? Will you be satisfied with thanks? These do not come up to the obligations we are under, and are a poor return for all you have done and are doing. Can we pay you in money? As acceptable as this would be, and greatly as it would aid your efforts, this is not what you desire of us.

Nothing, then, can pay the debt, but attention to our studies, but untiring efforts to treasure up knowledge, to impress the truths and precepts of the gospel upon our souls, but obedience to the laws of our school, and care of the books you have given us. This indeed is a strange way of paying debts; for while it pays you in full, and to your perfect satisfaction, it enriches us, so that the more we pay, the richer we grow.

We hope, therefore, ladies, that you will go on in the good work in which you are engaged; that your numbers will be greatly increased; and that you will not be weary in well doing. Long may your society exist and flourish, and through your efforts may many children be aided to walk in the ways of wisdom and holiness.

VIRGINIA MAY.

A TALE.

FAR south of our own happy land,
A group of islands lie,
And green Jamaica's flowerets smile
Beneath a tropic sky.

Over rich gardens bright with bloom,
The eye delighted roves—
And fields of waving sugar-cane,
And golden orange groves.

There—where the air is ever mild,
And long the summer day—
Two happy children laughed and played,
Frank and Virginia May.

Fair were the scenes around their home,
And pen to paint them fails—
The ocean broad, the river bright,
Blue hills and fertile vales.

Gaily they roamed where shady trees
Showered sweet blossoms down,
And the hot sun which tinged the fruit,
Turned their complexions brown.

And with the color of the south,
The climate gave them too,
Dark dreamy eyes, and slender forms,
And curls of jetty hue.

But swift away those early days
Of idle frolic flee,
And they must to some school be sent
In England o'er the sea.

From the proud vessel's deck they saw—
With many a starting tear—
Receding from their straining eyes,
Sweet home and father dear.

But not alone the voyage they took ;
A faithful negro slave,
And a kind mother's gentle care,
Were with them on the wave.

They saw, where ocean met the sky,
The sun his farewell take,
And watched the bright phosphoric light
Around the vessel's wake.

Virginia danced upon the deck ;
Frank longed a sail to furl ;
The sailors loved the gentle boy
And the light-hearted girl.

But soon with languid step and look,
Frank to the cabin came ;
" Dear mother I am faint and weak,
My head is full of pain."

And then upon his bed he tossed
For many a weary day ;
A fever heat had seized his frame,
Fast wearing him away.

Yet they who watched beside his couch
No vain complaining heard ;
He would not grieve his mother's heart
With one impatient word.

And when death's chilly grasp was near
He begged her not to weep,
And bade Virginia love her more ;
Then sweetly fell asleep.

The sister felt 'twas very hard
From one so dear to part,
And when they made the sea his grave,
Deep anguish filled her heart.

She bowed her head and meekly sought
Relief in humble prayer ;
She knew that he had gone to heaven,
And hoped to meet him there.

Past are the dangers of the deep,
The weary voyage is o'er ;
With tearful eyes and swelling hearts,
They land on England's shore.

Now in a pretty cottage there,
With a dear friend they dwell ;
Teachers in various sciences
Virginia's progress tell.

Near by a stately mansion, rose
But one green field across ;
Where, blest with all that wealth can give,
Lived haughty Sarah Ross.

Virginia's days passed lonely by—
No young companion there ;
She would have warmly met and loved,
The English maiden fair.

But coldly Sarah looked on one
Who wore not gold, or pearl,
And for her sun-burnt skin she scorned
The dark West Indian girl.

Mother and daughter could not learn
Cold England's air to love ;
They sighed for the warm southern sun,
And the sweet orange grove.

Again they cross the trackless deep,
While calm the waters smile,
And soon their light steps press the turf
Of their own verdant isle.

Sickness meanwhile had seized the frame
Of the proud Sarah Ross,
And careful friends—in search of health—
With her the ocean cross.

Virginia's father chanced to meet
The strangers on the strand,
And bade them welcome to his house,
With open heart and hand.

The slight that once had grieved her much,
Virginia treasured not ;
She fondly kissed the suffering girl,
And all her scorn forgot.

She chose for her the rarest fruit,
And brought her blossoms sweet ;
Then wreathed them in her flaxen curls,
And fanned away the heat.

She sought by every gentle care
The invalid to bless ;
And Sarah's heart was deeply touched
With so much tenderness.

When health again bloomed on her cheek
And light her steps could rove,
She paid Virginia all she asked,
And that—was love for love.

So may we learn while young in years,
With spirits fresh and gay,
To be resigned, if God should call
The dearly loved away :

And never let our evil thought
Within our bosoms stay,
But seek to render good for ill,
Like young Virginia May.

THE BIBLE.

How many are the excellencies of this holy book. How numerous are its claims upon our veneration and love. Consider its antiquity. It makes us acquainted with the fathers of our race, with the first ages of the world, and with all the wonders of the creation. Were there a man among us, who had lived from the beginning of time, who was familiar with all the men, manners, laws and events of the first ages, how anx-

ious should we be to see him, and hear him relate the story of his youthful days. What a high value then, is stamped upon the Bible, by its great antiquity.

This value is enhanced, by considering, the violent opposition it has survived, the enemies it has resisted and overcome. 'With what interest do we contemplate a fortress, which during thousands of years, has been constantly assaulted by successive generations of enemies—around whose walls millions of foes have fallen—and to overthrow which, the utmost efforts of human force and ingenuity have been exerted in vain.' Such a fortress is the Bible. For thousands of years, it has withstood, not only the ravages of time, which 'devours men and their works together;' but the treachery of pretended friends, the madness of kings, the fires of persecution, and all the opposition which cruelty, hatred and vice could array against it.

Its effects also, show its worth. But for this book we might now be bowing before idols, worshipping in a pagan temple, or be suffering upon the altar of superstition, a sacrifice to the angry gods. To this we owe our liberty, and the development of those great principles of human right and freedom, which secure to us the privilege of worshipping as our conscience dictates, and of defending whatever we regard as truth. To this we owe the advanced and enlightened state of society, the general prevalence of virtue, and the holy hopes which cheer the sick and the dying. This educates the orphan, protects the widow, maintains the cause of the oppressed, and gives justice to friends and foes, and provides a home for the poor, the unfortunate and distressed.

The Bible is important, because full of instruction. Here we see God existing from eternity, infinite in his wisdom, almighty in his power, unchanging in his love. Here we see his government, extending to the minutest as well as the mightiest affairs, 'stretching through the dark and stormy cloud of sublunary events,' rectifying the confusion and disorder of time, bringing good out of evil; and glory out of shame. Here we see the Savior, living in purity, that he might give us an example in all things, working miracles of mercy, that he might attest the truth of his religion, dying on Calvary, that he might destroy death, and save a world. Here we see the glories of heaven, the joys which there await the ransomed family of man, the riches we shall

then possess, and the songs which will be sung in honor to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever.

The Bible then is the best of books; it is our light, our salvation and our hope.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

Reading of Fiction.

Original.

EXPERIENCE, as well as observation, has proved that men have imaginations; and notwithstanding these imaginations have been abused—most egregiously abused—still this is no reason why this faculty of human nature should not be heeded and improved.

So thought we as we sat the other day in sober consideration on the utility or impropriety of reading fictitious writings. We decided in favor of the thing. Do not start, dear reader. It is not that we have come out a brazen advocate of our modern disorder of novel reading, 'in its collapsed state,' as a physician would say of the cholera. No, we have not much to do with these 'latest works of the day,' that come upon the body politic like certain soul-saving tracts, or swarms of Egyptian locusts. Still, 'if there be any virtue or any praise' in reading good works of moral fiction, we are not so fastidious as to decry their use *entirely*, against the sober convictions of conscience.

It is not a questionable declaration, we think, that wrong opinions have been entertained by many well disposed minds on this subject. If errors have been committed in an excessive love for the works of fiction, these errors should be attacked by some others than those guilty of similar sins. Let us explain. Who have talked most loudly against reading fictitious works? The plain answer is—those who have been given to superstition as much in one way, as those whom they condemned were in another. For instance—here is a sober faced, sincere looking personage conversing on the subject of reading fiction. He denounces it. He wants nothing read—nothing related, but sober fact. He is 'a plain, blunt man'—and dislikes ornament, parade and decoration of all kinds. Social amusements—the use of wit and fancy in conversation—the fine arts—the charms of taste and elegant imagination, are all regarded by him as so many stumbling blocks

in the way of human nature ! Horrible evils ! Calling loudly for a speedy and radical cure. Poor man—he does not consider his own weak side. He is a real subject of a disordered imagination—a *believer* in *fiction*. No mistake here. He believes that more than one half the story of the Salem witchcraft is sober fact—i. e. so far as the actual witches are in question—that his grandmother really saw half a dozen ghosts, besides her own apparition—that prognostications, signs and warnings of sickness and death have, often, been given him—that certain days are lucky or unlucky—and in short, that he is surrounded with a creation of fates and existences which he cannot comprehend, but still *imagines* ! Let him first cast the beam out of his own eye, before he makes any loud complaint about that mote in his neighbor's. We do not say that this case is to be taken as applicable to all who oppose the reading of fiction. We only say that such have been the first and most unceasing in the opposition. They did not oppose in the right manner.

This warfare against nature, we cannot tolerate, especially when carried on by superstition in her envious mood. Let us not be understood as meaning that every thing natural must, strictly speaking, be considered right. Nature in some instances, needs assistance and cultivation. Abuses and uses are not to be confounded. We consider that taste and imagination have their uses in the human constitution, and should be regarded accordingly. This war against fiction, then, (especially where morals are involved) is wrong, inasmuch as it denounces the excellent fables, which, from age to age, have proved of such essential benefit to the reading community—the parables of the Old and New Testament, which contain some of the best moral teachings on record—and all methods employed by the most judicious writers, thoroughly versed in the knowledge of human nature to bring home the great truths of morality and human duty, in their own best chosen methods, to the understanding and hearts of men.

The great objection is, that these are works of *imagination*. What then ? Is this faculty given us by heaven, a useless one ? Is it never to be gratified ? Can it not prove useful, if rightly directed ? Does not imagination inspire the virtuous in some degree—give courage to faltering humanity—and carry the christian while on earth, homeward to his better inheritance beyond the tomb ? Imagination can do this. Why then

cannot TRUTH be embodied therein ? It is nature in her freshness, and glory, and reality, which excites and feeds imagination. And we say, let it work, if directed aright, in all its power. It can never *conceive of anything too great or too good to be beyond the accomplishment of the Eternal* ! Who doubts this saying ?

Works of fiction—good ones—may be read to advantage, notwithstanding the disposition of many to

‘Stab themselves with doubts profound’

on the subject. It is no harm to the truth, that she appears in a good dress—neither will a little ornamenting do her essential injury, if properly and tastefully applied. Why are not the prismatic colors superfluous ? Does it not manifest a superabundance of pride on the part of the Creator ? (With reverence be it spoken.) Not so. Elegance and beauty are right in our creation, for God hath established them. Let no one then conceive them to be against that religion which he requires of his children. If the beauties and brilliancies of the works of creation inspire us in one form, why not in another—so long as nature is followed ? Surely we cannot conceive why the influence of fiction, properly applied, may not be good. It has been used to advantage by writers and teachers in past ages, and we know of no good reason for believing that its virtue is dead.

Now in saying these things, we are not giving the least countenance to our modern, fashionable novel readers—who make it a regular business to plod through every thing that appears in the shape of fiction—who will eat up the remnant of an old romance, even if beginning and end are gone—sit up long nights till morning peeps in at the window, to admire the ‘Great Unknown’ or ‘the polished Bulwer,’ ‘Cooper of America,’ or the author of ‘Mr. Midshipman Easy’—or seize the ‘Lady’s Book,’ and read every thing therein even to the ‘Recipes,’ to get at something wonderful—or what is worse than all—attack a Philadelphia ‘Saturday Courier’ every week, and actually read it through at the first sitting down ! No—we never shall encourage this wholesale devouring of literary Salmagundi—this eternal working of a depraved appetite—because it is unnatural as it is unreasonable and unholy ! It operates like any other kind of surfeiting, and is to be deprecated accordingly. They who get this *mania* upon them in its advanced stages, are seldom troubled with much that is definite, by

way of knowledge. There is not actual nourishment enough in their intellectual food. Historical details will sicken them; and they would 'make up faces' or go to sleep over any good thorough work of practical utility, drawn from 'facts as they are.' If such are young men, they are fit for any thing else but husbands; if young women, better become acquainted with themselves, before forming any 'new and especial relationships' for life. We had rather keep a bachelor's domicile half a century, than 'take unto ourselves' such an one. It is solemn truth. But we are here speaking of *abuses*. These, however, are not to be considered arguments against the proper use of fiction.

To conclude our article. *The reading of fiction, judiciously observed in common with other reading, will serve to strengthen and improve the IMAGINATION.* And this is no faculty to be undervalued or despised. It came from the Giver of life, and was intended for the benefit of his children. It fires the virtuous, and warns the wicked; leads the mind in new trials for the acquisition of knowledge; goes with the voyager round the world; with the astronomer to the stars, suns, and systems spread abroad in the ocean of space; with the historian to ages beyond the flood; with the orator and statesman in combining the present with the past and the future; in short, it lives with all who can use their reason, and prove themselves to be above the 'beasts that perish.' Let the imagination, then, be cultivated, and good works of fiction take their proper station among other productions for the feast of the mind.

J. G. A.

Malden, Mass.

Sketches of Fashion's Eccentricities.

BY J. M. AUSTIN.

'Pleased with this bauble still, as that before.'

Original.

FASHIONS have frequently been carried to such extravagant lengths, as to be considered public nuisances, and governments have interfered by edicts against them. In the time of Charles V. of France, short and tight 'small clothes,' became so much the rage, that an edict was issued by that monarch, against their use. But in the reign of queen Elizabeth of England, the fashion ran to the other extreme, to a laughable excess. The beaux of that day stuffed out their small clothes to a ridiculous size, with rags,

feathers, and other light substances. They resembled wool-sacks, and in public meetings, they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of these ponderous beaux. The young ladies of the present age may smile at the uncouth appearance of these stuffed beaux; but their own sex, at that time, was not a whit behind in the extravagance of fashion. The ladies invented and wore large hoop farthingales, several feet in diameter; so that the stuffed beau and hooped belle, when walking side by side, could not without difficulty, take each other by the hand. How grotesque and ridiculous would be the appearance of a couple of these fashionables, perambulating the streets, in our day! But shall we say that the fashions which now prevail, will not appear equally ridiculous to our descendants, at a future age?

As has been noticed above, monarchs were sometimes compelled to arrest by the strength of the law, the extremes of fashionable folly. In the reign of Henry VIII. square toed shoes were the rage, insomuch that a royal edict was issued, forbidding any person to wear shoes more than *six inches* square at the toes! Then came a revolution in shoes, and the picked-point became the prevailing fashion. The maiden queen Elizabeth again put the English nation under the ban of her royal proclamation, to check fashion's eccentricities. John Stowe thus quaintly records the matter. 'In that time, he was held the greatest gallant that had the *deepest ruffe* and longest rapier: the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt unto the life of the subject that come by the other—this caused her Majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place *selected grave citizens* at every gate, to cut the ruffles, and break the rapier points of all passengers, that exceeded a *yard* in length of their rapiers, and a *nayle* of a yard in depth of their ruffles.' These 'grave citizens,' at every gate, cutting the ruffles and breaking the rapiers, says D'Israeli, must doubtless have encountered in their ludicrous employment, some stubborn opposition; but this regulation was, in the spirit of that age, despotic and effectual. A similar act of quite as summary a character, to arrest the progress of a fashion disagreeable to the reigning monarch, took place at a later day. The Emperor of Russia, when pantaloons became fashionable in his dominions, ordered his soldiers to stop every passenger who wore pantaloons, and with their swords cut off the superfluous length of the legs, thus *nolens volens*,

making them small clothes. This measure completely triumphed over pantaloons in a week.

A most shameful extravagance in the cost of dress, has been a prevailing evil through almost every age. The dress of the nobility, in the reign of Richard II. was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than fifty-two new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates of that day, were extremely luxurious in their dress. They had 'chaunge of clothing everie daie,' says honest Chaucer. According to Brantome the historian, Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, never wore a dress twice. This was told the historian by her majesty's own 'tailleur,' who from a poor man, soon became rich. Elizabeth of England, it is said, left no less than *three thousand* different dresses in her wardrobe, at her death. An idea may be formed of the costliness and magnificence of the dress of Catholic priests in former days, by the will of a priest who died in the reign of the catholic Queen Mary. He bequeaths to various parish churches and persons—'My vestment of crimson satin—my vestment of crimson velvet—my stole and faron set with pearl—my black gown faced with taffeta,' etc. Chaucer in 'The Person's Tale,' rails severely against the grotesque and costly fashions of his day. He speaks of 'moche superfluitee' and 'wast of cloth in vanitee'. He calculates 'the coste of the embrouding—endenting or baring—ounding or wavy—paling, winding—the costlewe furring in the gouns—so much pounsouing of chesel to maken holes (that is punched with a bodkin)—so moche dagging of sheres (cutting into slips)—with the superfluitee in length of the gouns trailing in the myre, on horse and eke on foot, as well of man as of woman—that all thilke (this) trailing' is to the damage of 'the poor folk,' who might be clothed only out of the frounces and 'draggle-tails' of these children of vanity! Would not 'the superfluitee' in the dress of the ladies of this age, clothe all the children, at least, of 'the poor folk'?

In the reign of Henry VIII. the wild variety of fashions were ridiculed by a caricature print of a denuded Englishman, holding a piece of cloth on his right arm, and a pair of shears in his left hand. The print was invented by Andrew Borde, the facetious wit of those days. Beneath the print was the following inscription:

'I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind, what raiment I shall were;

For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
And now I will were, what I cannot tell what !'

I crave the forgiveness of the fair reader, for inserting this couplet, worded in the quaint style of a past age; but it expresses so clearly the *quandary* of the fashionables of the present day, as to the cut and color of their dress, that I could not forbear copying it. In imagination I can behold the *exquisites* of our own time, of both sexes, standing cloth in hand, before the tailor or the dress-maker, exclaiming in despair, amid the multiplicity of fashions presented to them for selection:—

'For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
And now I will were, what I cannot tell what.'

John Stowe, originally a tailor, was afterwards a historian. He has recorded the fashions in the days of Elizabeth. In regard to this writer D'Israeli remarks—'He is the grave chronicler of matters not grave. The chronology of ruffs and tufted taffetas; the revolution of steel poking-sticks, instead of the bone or wood used by the laundresses; the invasion of shoe-buckles, and the total rout of shoe-roses; the grand adventure of a certain Flemish lady, who introduced the art of starching the ruffs with a yellow tinge, into Britian—these, and other occurrences as memorable, receive a pleasant kind of historic pomp, in the important and not incurious narrative of the antiquary and the tailor. The toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her ministers were the votaries; it was the reign of coquetry and the golden age of millinery! But of grace and elegance, they had not the slightest feeling! There is a print by Vertue, of Queen Elizabeth going in procession to Lord Hunsdon. This procession is led by Lady Hunsdon, who no doubt, was the leader likewise of the fashions. But it is impossible, with our ideas of grace and comfort, not to commiserate this unfortunate lady, whose standing-up wire ruff, rising above her head; whose stays or boddice, so long-waisted as to reach to her knees, and the circumference of her large hoop farthingale, which seems to enclose her in a capacious tub, mark her out as one of the most pitiable martyrs of ancient modes.'

I will transcribe for the amusement of the reader the account given by this old writer, Stowe, in his own antique style and spelling, of the introduction of silk stockings and embroidered and perfumed gloves, into England.

'In the second yeere of Queen Elizabeth, 1560, her silke woman, Mistris Montague, pre-

sented her majestie for a new yeere's gift, a paire of *black knit silk stockings*, the which, after a few days wearing, pleased her highness so well, that she sent for Mistris Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, 'I made them very carefully of purpose only for your majestie, and seeing those please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' (quoth the queene) for indeed I like *silk stockings* so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that hence forth I will wear no more *cloth stockings*—and from that time unto her death, the quene never wore any *cloth hose*, but only silk stockins; for you shall understand that King Henry the Eighth did weare only cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell-broade taffaty, or that by great chance there came a pair of *Spanish silk stockins* from Spain. King Edward the Sixte had a payre of *long Spanish silke stockings* sent him for a *great present*. Dukes' daughters then wore gowns of satten of Bridges (Bruges) upon *solemn dayes*. Cushens and window pillows of velvet and damaske, formerly only princely furniture, now be very plenteous in most citizen's houses. Milloners and haberdashers had not then any gloves imbroydered, or trimmed with gold or silke; neither gold nor embroydered girdles and hangers, neither could they make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fifteenth yeere of the queene, the Right Honorable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other *pleasant things*; and that yeere the queene had a pair of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onely with four tuffes, or *roses of colored silk*. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her handes, and for many years after, it was called 'The Earl of Oxford's perfume.'

In this grave chronology of fashions, the ladies would not pardon me, were I to omit so important an event as the origin of *starching* in England. It here follows in the dignified language of the same old writer as above.

'In the year 1564, Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, borne at Taenen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipful knight of that province, with her husband, came to London for their better safeties, and there professed herselfe a *starcher*, wherein she excelled, unto whom her owne nation presently repaired, and payed her very liberally for her worke. Some very few of the best

and most curious wives of that time, observing the neatnesse and delicacy of the Dutch for *whiteness and fine wearing of linen*, made them *cambricke ruffles*, and sent them to Mistris Dinghen to *starche*; and after awhile they made them ruffles of *lawn*, which was at that time a stuff most strange and wonderfull, and thereupon arose a general *scoffe* or by-word, that shortly they would make ruffles of a *spider's web*; and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to Mistris Dinghen to *learne how to starche*; her usuall price was at that time foure or five pound, to teach them how to *starche*, and twenty shillings how to *seeth starche*.' In regard to ruffs, Stowe affords us another curious record: 'Divers noble personages made them ruffles, a *full quarter of a yeard deepe*, and two lengthe in one ruffe. This fashion in London, was called the *French fashion*: but when Englishmen came to Paris, the French *knew it not*, and in derision called it the *English monster*.'

This deceptive practice of palming off absurd costumes, as *latest Paris fashions*, is continued to the present day, and is a great evil in our country. We have the testimony of an eminent American lady who visited France a few years since, that the prints annually despatched to the United States, which often violate alike, modesty, taste and health, *are not* a correct representation of the costume of the fashionable circles of Paris, but are ridiculed by the fashionable ladies of France, as preposterous and monstrous. These prints are 'got up' by the Paris dress-makers and milliners, and despatched to this country, for the purpose of opening a market here, for their second-hand, cast-off tawdry, gauze, and ribbons. The lady to whom I have referred, declares that the milliners and dress-makers of Paris, who despatch these prints, will not themselves, for the sake of good taste, (modesty out of the question) dress in accordance with them! Will our ladies consent longer to be 'gulled' by unprincipled French mantua-makers, and remain the laughing-stock of the fashionable circles of Europe? It is really to be hoped, that a knowledge of the facts to which I have adverted, will render them less eager to imitate with servility, those gaudy, flaunting, and too often immodest French prints, with which our country is flooded! Modesty and neatness, are two requisites in female attire, that cannot be too highly prized by those who would be respected and loved.

Pool of Bethesda.

BY MISS M. A. DOPD.

Original.

THE Savior saw the summer sun o'er Cana's heights decline,
Where at the marriage feast he turned the water into wine;
And dark the shades of night came down over the eastern sea,
Which rolls its blue and sounding waves on ancient Gallilee.

On to Jerusalem he came—nor paused the leagues to count—
Through Bethany and green Bethpage, over the Olive Mount;
And entering by the eastern gate his weary way he kept,
To where Bethesda's healing pool beneath the sunshine slept.

Around its brink in sad array affliction's sons were laid,
On whom were poured the heavy ills no human power could aid.
There waited they, till o'er the wave an angel's wing should move:
And he who first might wash therein, its saving gift would prove.

There was the blind, whose life had been one scene of darkened hours,
Who never saw the cheering sun, or the fresh-springing flowers;
Though voices sweet and bounding steps came round his pathway dim,
No smile of friend, nor look of love, could give their light to him.

There were the feeble and the maimed, the withered and the lame,
Yet with a child-like trustfulness to the blue wave they came;
And Hope, whose star had almost set upon their clouded night,
Now plumed her worn and weary wings, and waved her banner bright.

Fair was the sabbath morn which smiled upon the gathering throng,
But one was there with sandal soiled by journey faint and long,
Who could not pass the suffering by, or pity's meed refuse.
And round in idle wonder stood the unbelieving Jews.

In the green summer of his days more helpless than a child,
Was one to whom the Savior turned with voice and aspect mild.
'Thou hast seen many saddened years of weariness and pain;
Wouldst thou rejoice in strength restored? wouldst thou be whole again?'—

'Would the wrecked mariner be glad a saving sail to see?
Or the bond-slave refuse the aid which bids him wander free?
But oh! all vainly do I hope the healing wave to win,
Ere I can move my helpless limbs another steps therein.'

'No longer shall a powerless frame join with a soaring soul
To war against thy happiness—arise and be thou whole!'—
And many doubting eyes looked on the wondrous cure to see,
As forth amid the crowd he walked with step and action free.

Trust we in Him—unlike the Jews who would not faith be taught,
E'en by the many miracles the blessed Jesus wrought—
And come to him, with all our woes, who healing can impart,
E'en for the deepest, worst disease—the sickness of the heart.

Hartford, February 1838.

The Broken Ring.

'Hout, lassie,' said the wily Dame Seton to her daughter, 'dinna blear your een wi' greeting. What would honest Maister Binks say if he were to come in the now and see you look baith dull and dour? Dight your een, my bairn, and snood back your hair. I'se warrant you'll make a bonnier bride than any o' your sisters.

'I care na whether I look bonnie or no, since Willie winna see me,' said Mary, while her eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, mother, ye have been ower hasty in this matter; I canna help thinking he will come hame yet and make me his wife. It's borne in on my mind that Willie is no dead.'

'Put awa such thoughts out o' your head, lassie,' answered her mother, 'naebody doubts but yourself that the ship that he sailed in was whummilled ower in the saut sea—what gars you threep he's leeving that gate!'

'Ye ken, mother,' answered Mary, 'that when Willie gaed awa on that wearifu' voyage to "make the croun a pound," as the auld sang says, he left a kist o' his claes for me to take care o'; for he said he would keep a' his braws for a day that's no like to come, and that's our bridal; now, ye ken its said, that as long as the moths keep off folk's claes, the ouner o' them is no dead—so I e'en took a look o' his bit things to-day, and there's no a broken thread among them.'

'Ye had little to do to be howeing amang a dead man's claes,' said her mother. 'It was a bonnie job for a bride.'

'But I'm no a bride,' answered Mary, sobbing. 'How can ye hae a heart to speak o' it, mother, and the year no oul since I broke a ring wi' my ain Willie! Weel hae I keep it my half o' it; and if Willie be in the world, he'll hae the other as surely.'

'I trust poor Willie is in a better place,' said the mother, trying to sigh; 'and since it has been ordered sae, ye maun just settle your mind to take honest Maister Binks; he's rich, Mary, my dear bairn, and he'll let ye want for nae-thing.'

'Riches canna buy true love,' said Mary.

'But they can buy things that will last a hantle longer,' responded the wily mother; 'so, Mary, ye maun take him, if ye would hae me die in peace. Ye ken I can leave you but little—the house an' bit o' garden maun gang to your brother, and his wife will make him keep a close hand; she'll soon let you see the cauld shouter. Poor relations are unco little thought o'; so lassie, as ye would deserve my penison, dinna keep simmering it and wintering it away any longer, but take a gude offer when its made ye.'

'I'll no hae him till the year is out,' cried Mary; 'wha kens but the ship may cast up yet?'

'I fancy we'll hae to gie ye your ain gate in this matter,' replied the dame, 'mair especially as it wants but three weeks to the year, and we'll need that to hae ye cried in the kirk and to get a' your brows ready.'

'O, mother, mother, I wish ye would let me die!' was Mary's answer, as she flung herself down on her little bed.

Delighted at having extorted Mary's consent to the marriage, Dame Seton quickly conveyed the happy intelligence to her son-in-law elect, a wealthy burgess of Dunbar; and having invited Annot Cameron, Mary's cousin, to visit them and assist her in cheering the sorrowful bride, the preparations for the marriage proceeded in due form.

On the day before that appointed for the wedding, as the cousins sat together arranging the simple ornaments of the bridal dress, poor Mary's feelings could no longer be restrained, and her tears fell fast. 'Dear sake, Mary, gie ower greeting,' said Annot; 'the bonny white satin ribbon is wringing wet.' 'Sing her a canty sang to keep up her heart,' said Dame Seton. 'I canna bide a canty sang the day,' answered Mary, 'for there's ane running in my head that my poor Willie made ae night as we sat beneath the rowan-tree out by there, and when we thought we were to gang hand in hand through this wearifu' world;' and she began to sing in a low voice.

At this moment the door of the dwelling opened, and a tall, dark complexioned woman entered, and saying, 'my penison on a' here,' she seated herself close to the fire, and lighting her pipe began to smoke, to the great annoyance of Dame Seton. 'Gudewife,' said she, gruffly,

'ye're spoiling the lassie's gown raising such a reek: so here's an awmous to ye, and you'll just gang your ways, for we're unco thrang the day.'

'Nae doubt,' rejoined the spaewife, 'a bridal time is a thrang time, but it should be a heartsome ane too.'

'And hae ye the ill manners to say it's otherwise?' retorted Dame Seton; 'gang awa wi' ye without anither bidding; ye're making the lassie's brows as black as coom.'

'Will ye hae your fortune spaed, my bonny May?' said the woman as she seized Mary's hand. 'Na, na,' answered Mary, 'I ken it but ower weel already.' 'You'll be married soon, my bonny lassie,' said the sybil. 'Hech, sirs, that's piper's news, I trow,' retorted the dame with great contempt; 'can ye no tell us something better worth the hearing?'

'Maybe I can,' answered the spaewife: 'what would you think if I were to tell you that your daughter keeps the half o' the gold ring she broke wi' the winsome sailor lad near her heart by night and by day?'

'Get out o' my house, ye tinkler!' cried Dame Seton in wrath; 'we want to hear no such clavers.'

'Ye wanted news,' retorted the fortune teller; 'and I trow I'll gie ye mair than you'll like to hear. Hark ye my bonny lassie, ye'll be married soon, but no to Jamie Binks—here's an anchor in the palm o' your hand, as plain as a pikestaff.'

'Awa wi' ye, ye leeing Egyptian that ye are,' cried Dame Seton, 'or I'll set the dow on ye, and I'll promise ye he'll no leave ae dub on your back to mend another.'

'I wadna redd ye to meddle wi' me, Dame Seton,' said the fortune-teller. 'And now, having said my say, and wishing ye a blythe bridal, I'll just be stepping awa; and ere another word was spoken, the gypsy had crossed the threshold.'

'I'll no marry Jamie Binks,' cried Mary, wringing her hands; 'send to him, mother, and tell him sae.' 'The sorry take the lassie,' said Dame Seton, 'would you make yourself and your friends a warld's wonder, and a' for the clavers o' a leeing Egyptian, black be her fa that I should pan.'

'Oh, mother, mother,' cried Mary, 'how can I gie ae man my hand when another has my heart?' 'Troth, lassie,' replied her mother, 'a

living joe is better than a dead ane ony day ; but whether Willie be dead or living, ye shall be Jamie Bink's wife the morn : sae take nae thought o' that ill-deedy's words, but gang ben the house and dry your eeh, and Annot will put the last steek in your bonny white gown.

With a heavy heart Mary saw the day arrive which was to seal her fate ; and while Dame Seton's bustling about, getting everything in order for the ceremony, which was to be performed in the house, we shall take the liberty of directing the attention of our readers to the outside passengers of a stage-coach advancing from the south, and rapidly approaching Dunbar. Close behind the coachman was seated a middle aged, substantial looking farmer, with a round, fat, good-humored face, and at his side was placed a handsome young sailor, whose frank and jovial manner, and stirring tale of shipwreck and captivity, had pleasantly beguiled the way.

'And what's taking you to Dunbar the day, Mr. Johnstone?' asked the coachman.

'Just a wedding, John,' answered the farmer; 'my cousin, Jamie Binks, is to be wedded the night.'

'He has been a wee ower-lang about it,' said the coachman.

'I'm thinking,' replied the farmer, 'its no the poor lassie's fault that the wedding hasna been put off longer ; they say that bonny Mary has little gude will to her new joe.'

'What Mary is that you are speaking about?' asked the sailor.

'Oh, just bonny Mary Seton that's to be married the night,' answered the farmer.

'When?' cried the sailor, giving a long whistle. 'I doubt,' said the farmer, 'she'll be but a waefu' bride, for the sough gangs that she hasna forgot an auld joe ; but ye see he was away, and no like to come back, and Jamie Binks is weel to pass i' the world, and the mother, they say, just made the poor lassie's life bitter till she was driven to say she would take him. It's no right in the mother, but folks say she is a dour wife, and had aye an ee to the siller.' 'Right!' exclaimed the young sailor ; 'she deserves the cat-o'-nine tails.'

'Whisht, whisht, laddie,' said the farmer, 'preserve us ! where is he gaun?' he continued, as the youth sprung from the coach and struck across the fields. 'He'll be taking the short cut to town,' answered the coachman, giving his horses the whip.

The coach whirled rapidly on, and the farmer was soon set down at Dame Seton's dwelling, where the whole of the bridal party was assembled waiting the arrival of the minister. 'I wish the minister would come,' said Dame Seton. 'We must open the window,' answered Annot, 'for Mary is like to swarf awa.' This was accordingly done ; and as Mary sat close by the window gasping for breath, an unseen hand threw a small package into her lap. 'Dear sirs, Mary,' said Dame Seton, 'open up the bit parcel, bairn ; it will be a present frae your uncle Sandie ; it's a queer-like way o' gieing it, but he ne'er does things like ony ither body.' The bridal guests gathered round Mary as she slowly undid fold after fold. 'Hech!' said Dame Seton, 'it maun be something very precious to be in such sma' bouk.'

The words were scarcely uttered when half of a gold ring lay in Mary's hand. 'Where has this come frae?' exclaimed Mary, wringing her hands ; 'has the dead risen to upbraid me?'

'No, Mary, but the living has come to claim you,' cried the young sailor, as he vaulted through the open window, and caught her in his arms. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, Willie, where hae ye been a' this very time!' exclaimed Mary, while the tears fell on her pale cheek. 'That's a tale for another day,' answered the sailor ; 'I can think of nothing but you while I haud you to my breast, which you will never leave mair.'

'There will be twa words to that bargain, my joe,' retorted Dame Seton ; 'let go my bairn, and gang awa wi' ye ; she's trysted to be this honest man's wife, and his wife she shall be.'

'Na, na, mistress,' said the bridegroom, 'I hae nae broo o' wedding another man's joe ; since Willie Fleming has her heart he may e'en take her hand for me.'

'Gude safe us,' cried the farmer, shaking the young sailor by the hand, 'little did I ken who I was speaking to on the top of the coach. I say, gudewife,' he continued, 'ye maun just let Willie take her ; nae good e'er yet came of crossing true love.'

'Deed, that's a truth,' was answered by several bonny bridemaids. Dame Seton being deserted by her allies, and finding the stream running so strongly against her, at length gave an unwilling consent to the marriage of the lovers, which was celebrated amidst general rejoicings ; and, at the request of his bride, Willie, on his wedding day, attired himself in the clothes which

the moths had so inconsiderately spared for the happy occasion.

Lines on receiving a bunch of Flowers the latter part of April.

T O M . S .

Original.

THE following lines were written by a beautiful and amiable young lady, who died a victim to consumption. During her sickness, a friend sent her a bunch of flowers, knowing her to be exceedingly fond of them; and this poem, which embodies so much feeling, was sent in return. ED.

WE bind the laughing brow with flowers,
As 'mid their varied hues we stray,
When joy and gladness wing the hours,
And gaily shines the summer day;
And where the festal hall is bright
With glowing cheek and sunny eye,
They, in their robes of bloom and light,
Fulfill their own sweet destiny.

But not for me their fragrance where
They deck the mirth-resounding hall,
Nor where the joyous temples bear
The perfume-breathing coronal;
The heavy brow, and weary limb,
Forsake the pathway of the gay,
And palls upon the vision dim,
The garland of a holiday.

But ask me of the fetters sweet—
Their presence o'er my spirit fling,
As I, with heart impatient, wait
The tardy foot of smiling spring;
I'll tell thee of their magic power
To wile the weary day of pain,
Brighten awhile a gloomy hour,
And check the murmuring thought again.

Thanks for the gift! and were it mine,
(The lore of oriental bowers,) N. D.
My pencil should the hues combine
To tell my gratitude in flowers.
An idle lore, I own, and weak;
But to the flower-enamored sense,
The fragrant leaf and bud do speak
In sweet, though silent eloquence.
Woburn, Mass.

Elisha and the Bears.

Original.

2 KINGS ii. 23. 24: 'And Elisha went up from thence unto Bethel; and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up thou bald head; go up thou bald head. And he turned back and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.'

THERE are some strange people in our world who are striving with all their little power to cast contempt and ridicule on what the christian regards as sacred writings; these strange persons search and re-search the records of the

Old Testament for food to gratify their appetite for the ridiculous, and draw forth some passages which they delight to hold up as containing foul matter and full of utter absurdity; with these they mislead the unwary, and corrupt the inexperienced mind, and make some hearts turn away from the bible with disgust, which if properly enlightened would foster the most profound reverence for the sacred volume.

With the utmost stretch of candid charity, we cannot convince ourselves that the leaders of the infidel crusade against the bible are honest. We have long thought well, and have strove to longer think well, of the *sincerity* of one of the most prominent railers against the scriptures—one on whose head is the frost of many winters, and whose last years are miserably misemployed in insulting that God whose forbearing kindness continues his existence. He, with many other rejectors of revelation, feel that they have a desperate cause to uphold, and are not very choice in the means they use. Passages like the one quoted as above, are taken and commented on with freedom, without the least reference to the correctness of the translation, the age of the world, the manners and customs of the people, or the state of refinement in society of the age. And by such an unjust procedure—by such palpable dishonesty, they heap their abuse on a book that has given more comfort and consolation to sorrowful and bereaved hearts than any other in existence.

We love the bible; we fold it to our heart as a precious gift of our heavenly Father; we turn to it for instruction, for enjoyment and for consolation. It were base ingratitude in us not to raise our voice in vindication of its holy character, and to endeavor to make others search it, study it and love it. It is not from a love of opposition that we speak against error, but it is from a love of truth, and from a firm conviction that the more the sacred scriptures are correctly understood, the more will candid minds receive them, and the more eager they will be to spread the knowledge of them abroad. We think of the young—our nation's hope—we remember how easily they are led astray, and we feel it an important duty to guard them against the scoffer and the scorner, and strive to wean them over to the love of divine truth. To this end, we at times direct our attention to consider some of the objections that are made against the scriptures, and we are now led to notice the objec-

tions which are levelled against the passage we have quoted at the head of this article.

Perhaps there are many that have not correct ideas respecting the circumstance therein recorded, and certainly those parents who have used it to frighten their children into obedience were not aware of its true import. We will then proceed to describe the objections against the text, and notice them in order; then show that the circumstance might have taken place from natural causes, and draw from the whole some practical remarks.

First, Objectors say, The offenders are called '*little children*,' and such could not be conscious of the criminality of their language, nor could in mercy be held so deeply responsible for their conduct. Second, The language used is mocking playful, and no more than many young children are apt to use to a strange, poorly clothed, old person. Third, The prophet manifested a sinful, angry spirit, and his cursing the children was any thing but characteristic of the man of God. And, Fourth, The punishment was altogether too severe, too great for the offence.

Such are the objections of sceptics, and doubtless similar thoughts have entered the minds of many christians. We shall attempt to answer them in accordance with truth, and shall take them up in the order they are laid down.

1. The Hebrew word rendered in our common version '*little children*' should have been differently rendered as signifying young persons, and not children. The same word is applied to Isaac, and rendered *lad*, when he was 28 years old; and it is applied to Joseph when he was 30. Hence the persons mentioned in the text were not children of a tender age, but such as had attained an age that made them amenable for their actions. It is not probable that such a multitude of young children should be gathered together at such a place; but it is more than probable that the number spoken of were young persons between 20 and 30 years of age, who were instigated by the idolatrous priests of Baal to mob and mock the prophet of the living God. This will appear more evident when we shall have noticed some circumstances connected with the other objections.

2. It is said that the language used was mere mock playful, and not so very criminal. Not so is the truth of the matter; and this objection has its origin in the erroneous supposition that the offenders were very young. But the language

has more meaning than many imagine; it was not mere mockery of an old man, but it was insulting to the God of Israel. This we shall discover as we proceed; and first let us inquire in reference to the *place* where the transaction took place. It was near Bethel, one of the principal seats of Ahab's idolatry, and we may easily suppose that the priests of Baal, always fierce and bloody, sent forth a multitude to insult Elisha.

The language used referred to the ascent of the prophet Elijah into heaven, of which the idolaters had just heard, and which event they ridiculed greatly. '*Go up, thou bald head*,' thus has, we find, a deep meaning; as much as to say—Ascend too, thou bald head, to heaven, as it is pretended thy master did. Elisha was the successor of the prophet Elijah—on him was placed the mantle of that servant of the Most High, and therefore the heathen hated him with a cruel hate.

It was no small sin when the Bethelites mocked and insulted an aged and poor man—one who lived honestly, and was interfering in no way with them. The multitude came forth to mob him without any exciting cause on his part, and in the most shameful manner insulted the hoary head of honorable age. But to this heinous sin the Bethelites added a greater; they ridiculed the works of the God of heaven—they spurned the truth as a lie, and spoke of the ascension of Elijah as an absurd fable.

The persons who could commit such crimes as these must have been grievous sinners and ripe for severe punishment; they were not so young as to be unconscious of the criminal character of their conduct, but were the mature minions of a base idolatry, and could mock old age, and laugh at the wonderful works of the most high God. But we leave these to consider the objection,

3. The prophet manifested a sinful, angry spirit incompatible with the character of a man of God. Let this objection be brought home to the heart, and let the objector ask himself, if he were an old man, and wearily travelling in a strange land, and should be without just cause surrounded by an insulting mob, mocking and taunting him in reference to things that were most holy and sacred to him—could he under such highly exciting circumstances command his temper, and not speak one angry word? Human nature is not strong enough for this,

and old age has some infirmities that should pardon moments of irritability.

But here we rest not the answer to the objection. It was no petulant humor of the prophet that led him to curse the idolatrous offenders; it was the curse of offended heaven, and in the name of the Lord he condemned them. It was not the anger of the prophet, if he was angry, that made the bears rush from their hiding place and tear the mocking multitude; man's anger never could work a miracle, and the profane young men of Bethel never would have been destroyed if the prophet's anger was all that required it. But he acted as inspiration dictated, and his curse upon the profane was no more against his moral character as a man of God, than the pronouncing the sentence of death upon a criminal by a judge when the law requires it, is an action against his good character. In both instances the man, the private, individual man, should not be seen; he acts, and acts only in his official character,—the one as a prophet, and the other as judge, as the law commands.

Hence the anger of the prophet is out of the question—the objection against him is worthless, for his curse alone never could have injured a hair of one of their heads—it would have fallen lifeless to the earth among such rude characters; though with us, perhaps, an old man's curse would be withering, a doleful sound ringing like a knell in the ear. As the ambassador of God the prophet spake, and not from private revenge; it was God that punished, and it was right. Shall we deny it? Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall he be more righteous than his Maker?

4. Yet we are told the punishment was too severe for the offence. But who informed such objectors that it was for this offence only that the Bethelites were punished? Who can rise up and say that these characters were not, like the unholy Ahab, under whom they lived as subjects, fit subjects for a remarkable judgment of righteous heaven? We would not be wise above what is written, nor be guilty of adding to the word of God, but when we consider the character of the place where these profane ones came from, consider their king and their priests, we cannot persuade our mind that they were any other than grossly sinful persons, over whom a cloud of retribution had long hung, which burst in a terrible storm at the time the transactions recorded in the text took place.

There is nothing unreasonable in the text; all it relates can be accounted for in a natural manner, without the aid of absurd fiction. The prophet was journeying from Jericho to Bethel after he had performed a wondrous miracle by which he made land long barren to be fruitful, and waters that were bitter and poisonous, to become sweet and useful for agricultural and domestic purposes. As he travelled on towards Bethel there came a multitude forth out of that city to insult him—we say there was a multitude of them, as it appears there was a great number, for forty-two of them were torn. While they mocked and insulted the prophet, he turned and looked on them; he saw who and what they were—he acted not hastily, but with a prophetic eye read the doom of the sinners; he cursed them in the name of that God whose work they had ridiculed, and whose servant they had despised and insulted.

After the curse was pronounced, there came out of the wood two *she-bears*, who rushed into the midst of the profane Bethelites, and in their fury tore forty-two of them. The shouts and noise of the gathered crowd probably alarmed the bears—they, fearful for the safety of their young, for they were *she-bears*, and they leaped upon the intruders, impelled by the instinct of maternal solicitude so proverbial of the bear.

This conjecture is certainly favored by the particular mention of the ferocious beasts being females; and in scripture, '*a bear robbed of her whelps*,' is a phrase expressive of a most ferocious passion; hence says Solomon, 'Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly.' In the book of Samuel we find an allusion to the bear made to illustrate the excitement that works upon and rouses passionate man, thus—'Thou knowest thy father and his men, that they be mighty men, and they be chafed in their minds, as a bear robbed of her whelps in the field.' The prophet Hosea uses the same figure to illustrate sudden and terrible distraction—thus, 'I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion; the wild beast shall tear them.'

From the whole of our subject we learn the weak character of the objections against the text by sceptics and others; the main errors commonly entertained in reference to the subject, are the result of a mis-translation, and ignorance of the nature of the Bethelites lan-

guage; these, and all other errors, we humbly hope we have freed the text from, and that no one who duly considers the subject will conclude that it militates in the least against the character of creation's God, or that of the prophet Elisha. The offenders were not children, but persons who had arrived to years sufficient to make them amenable to justice for their conduct, and that justice that doeth right punished them for their iniquity. Let not man question the righteousness, or doubt the mercy of God.

Let us learn in reading the historical records of the Old Testament to consider the age in which those transactions took place, for it is most unjust to think of the characters and actions of that period in the light of the present age of civilization and intellectual refinement. Elisha and his cotemporaries enjoyed but the twilight of the glorious day which the sun of the gospel brings to our enjoyment; christianity is a religion of more perfect principles than that of the Mosaic dispensation, and yet the religion of Moses was suited to the age, as the religion of Jesus the Christ is suited to the advanced state of human progress.

Before concluding let one suggestion of our subject be felt, and especially by parents; which suggestion is, that disrespect to the aged in the young is a fault that greatly mars the beauty of their characters. To us such conduct appears shameful in the extreme; and when we behold young people scoffing and making sport of the hoary-head, we cannot resist the conviction that their parents have woefully neglected the moral welfare of their children. No young person can be justified in insulting the aged even though they may be vicious characters. The young should remember that 60 or 70 years may make sad work with them, and leave them as much in need of pity as any who now chance to come in their way.

But that we may at all times have right tempers and dispositions of heart, let us remember the Ancient of days, the high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity, who is not far from every one of us. May he be our Father, our Strength, and our Savior; may his love bind us to his law, and we by obedience know that in keeping the commandments there is great reward. B*.

FEAR no man!—but be just, honest, discreet, wise and virtuous, and thou shalt be happy.

The Empty Jar.

Original.

THREE lads who, in common with many other children, were fond of sweetmeats, and who were not very scrupulous about the manner in which they obtained them, contrived to get hold of the key to their mother's closet, and on one evening when their parents were away from home, tried the lock. The bolt flew back and the door opened. They now saw nothing to prevent them from revelling in sweets, and enjoying the good things that they had been deprived of without stint or measure. They found several jars of preserves, only one of which suited them,—for, having now their choice among so many, their appetites became suddenly very delicate. At length one of them discovered a jar carefully stowed away on the highest shelf, and made no doubt that it contained some rare sample of preserves. They immediately procured chairs and a small stand, and were about endeavoring to reach the precious prize, when their parents knocked at the outside door. One of the lads went slowly to open it, while the rest scampered and removed the furniture back to its place, locked the door, hid the key and retired. Nothing was suspected by their parents. But after they had retired to bed, the lads turned their attention to the mysterious jar which contained something 'very nice,' they were very sure, or their mother would not have stowed it away so carefully on the top shelf. They could not sleep, but continued to talk about the treasure in the jar until about midnight. The boldest of the lads then proposed that they should get up softly, go down and light a lamp, and obtain possession of the prize. This was agreed to. The lads arose, and crept tremblingly by the door of the room in which their parents slept. Half frightened to death, they reached the lowest room and lighted a lamp. They then applied the key to the lock, very softly, but the bolt flew back with a loud noise, and they once more trembled with apprehension. They listened for some time before they ventured to proceed any farther. Finding that nobody was stirring overhead, they then opened the closet door, and proceeded to build a scaffolding out of chairs and tables, on which to ascend and bear away the jar. This took them some time, and they were obliged to proceed very quietly. But they suffered much from apprehension, and frequent quarrels arose among themselves on account of the heedless

noise which one imagined the other was making. After great exertion and uneasiness of mind, the scaffolding was deemed sufficiently high, and the eldest boy ascended on it. The other two lads held it at the bottom as it would not bear his weight without a prop. He reached out his hands and caught the jar between them. He exerted much strength to lift it off the shelf, but it came so much easier than he expected that it fell at once from his hands to the floor. The other two lads seeing it fall ran away from under it, by which the scaffolding was left without support; and their elder brother, together with the tables, chairs and jar came lumbering to the floor at nearly the same time with a crash that shook the house to its foundations. At the same time that the lads heard their father coming down stairs; one glance at the broken jar told them that it had never been used; it was a new empty jar which had been reserved for a future occasion. Their father was much astonished when he arrived at the scene of action, and had much difficulty to keep from smiling when they honestly told their story.

'My lads,' said he, 'you have taken all this trouble, and run all this risk to get hold of a jar which, when obtained, proves to be empty. Let this serve as a moral to you in future life. Whem ambition lures you, swerve not from the path of rectitude to chase her gilded phantoms, for recollect that all her promises, like this poor jar, are empty, hollow and tasteless when obtained. When pleasure in her turn beckons you aside, and would tempt you to sacrifice ease, conscience, friends and self-respect in order to dwell in her deceitful bowers, recollect that when you have obtained all that she has promised you, you will discover her boon when grasped as empty of solid happiness as this deceitful jar which you have risked your necks to obtain.'

Whether the lads profited by this moral or not I am unable to say; if it prove beneficial to the reader my purpose will be answered. ARNO.

The Parting. Eccl. xii. 7.

Original.

FRAIL, beauteous dust! back to thy kindred earth,
Thine own primeval brotherhood return;
Go, seek the low companion of thy birth—
The humble clod—and there a lesson learn.
As from that senseless dust the violet springs,
And sheds a brightness from its purple bell,
So the indwelling soul looks forth and flings
A radiance o'er its dark and silent cell.

As from that breathless earth a low, soft sound,
Like the still breathing of a prisoned fay,
Steals from the tiny minstrels of the ground—
The subterranean denizens of clay—
So the indwelling soul doth music give
To its electric, many-chorded lyre,
Creating gentle melodies that live
While its soft touch sustains and then expire.

But now the eye is dull, the voice is hushed;
No restless spirit dances o'er the brow;
The chains that bound that spirit here lie crushed,
Like the last fragments of a broken vow.
Deserted tenement! so fair, so lone,
Go perish idly like a ravaged shrine!
The deity that dwelt in thee hath flown—
Flown with the incense which thou deem'st was thine.

And where? Oh! ask ye where the spirit flies,
When with a lifted wing it spurns the clod?
It has an ark of safety in the skies,
A covert in the bosom of its God!
Light from its fragile dwelling-place on earth,
It soars with eager wing and bright'ning crest,
Back to the holy Parent of its birth,
To find in heaven a sweet, eternal rest.

Shirley Village, Mass.

S. C. E.

Doubt.

Original.

WHILE struggling on in this state of being, it not unfrequently happens that the mind is tortured with anxious doubts respecting the truths of the gospel, and those cheering promises held out by the Creator to his weak and dependant creature. Nor are these doubts confined to the wicked and the base—the ignorant and the untaught. The best of men and the wisest of our fellow-creatures are occasionally harassed by misgivings and painful anticipations. If it were not so, this would hardly be a state of trial. If we could always

'Read our title clear,
To mansions in the skies,'

the temptations with which we are surrounded would hardly possess sufficient power to lead astray the most unworthy mind. We should be in a continual state of ecstasy. There would be no room for the exercise of faith, hope, fortitude and constancy. Our condition would be more like that of Adam in paradise than sinners stumbling in a dark and benighted world. We should scarcely have a stimulus for the exercise of our intellects. We should see no occasion to search the scriptures or to pray to God for strength to believe and to overcome the evil which is in the world. With the realms of peace continually before our eyes, and distinctly traced out as our heritage, we should have little to do with the things of time. This world

would be to us a prison. We could enjoy none of its delights—could bend our minds to none of its cares—could engage in none of the necessary duties befitting our station—and, in short, we should not answer the end of our being. Let us also reflect that our minds, unless very differently constituted from what they are at present, would be incompetent to understand and appreciate the blessings and the beauties of the promised land. They would, in a great measure, be thrown away upon us. We need to be in a certain state of mind in order to estimate and rightly enjoy the glories of the future world. 'The pure in heart shall see God,' but while we are not pure in heart, we cannot see Him. He is to be seen not by the outward eye but by the eye of the pure mind; therefore we have light enough to answer all the purposes of our present existence, and to prepare ourselves for those spiritual enjoyments which the carnal or vicious soul could not taste, however plainly they were revealed by outward means. But the doubts by which we are sometimes assailed may be justly attributed to some fault of our own. We have, perhaps, wandered into the mazes of human reason—we have suffered ourselves, in the pride of our hearts, to be beguiled into the labyrinths of doubt by following the ignis fatuus of a vain philosophy. We have not waited upon God with true humility and singleness of heart. We have allowed sin to overtake us. We have given way to wrong feelings inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel, and by these means our way has become hedged up before us; insomuch that, however brightly the sun of Truth may shine we are incapable of appreciating its lustre. We have, perhaps, allowed our minds to become absorbed in worldly pursuits, and having turned our backs upon the light of truth, complain that we cannot see it! The Lord must be sought before he can be found, and he must be prayed unto before he will answer our prayers. That man would be very unreasonable who should expend all his money for gewgaws and painted toys, and then complain that he had not wherewith to purchase bread for his children, yet not more unreasonable would he be than the man who prefers the joys of sense to those of the spirit, and then complains that his view of spiritual things has become dim, and his prospect of future glory darkened. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread, but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.'

But let us not be disheartened when seasons of dearth are experienced by our spirits. Let us submit to these deprivations as to chastenings from the Almighty, kindly sent to warn us of our unprofitable employments, and to make us duly sensible of our dependant condition. By bringing ourselves into entire subjection to the power of truth, whether its inflictions be displayed in justice or in mercy, we shall find that the thickest darkness will melt away. We shall arise from these painful baptisms purer and brighter than ever, and become more and more capable of enjoying His presence who forgets not Jacob in his low estate, but who only hideth his face from Israel that he may break forth upon her with thrice resplendent glory.

Adversity.

Original.

PERHAPS there are few persons to be found on the face of the earth, who have not imagined sometime in their lives that they were the subjects of peculiar sorrows—that their trials were distinguished by a severity which rendered them peculiar objects of sympathy. Their language has been, 'whose sorrow is like unto my sorrow?' The immediate cause of this partial view which we take of our own sufferings may be attributed to the circumstance that we *feel* our own griefs, while we do not feel, in our own persons, the griefs of others. We shall look in vain for this rule to work in the same way where our joys and pleasures are concerned. We do not magnify our comforts and our pleasures. We never say, 'Whose comforts and whose blessings are like unto mine?' We are willing that the good which we receive at the hands of our Creator should pass at its lowest valuation, while the sorrow which we are called to endure we are clamorous in magnifying to the greatest extent. This perverseness in human nature is not only blameworthy, but is also the source of much uneasiness and misery to ourselves. Our imagination becomes poisoned, and we see through a distorted medium which enlarges that which is disagreeable, and diminishes all that should render us contented and happy. When we have not real sorrows, we forge imaginary ones. We are determined to be miserable at all events, and when we have, by persevering industry, succeeded in making ourselves so, we complain and grieve as if we had not been the

artificers of our own evil destiny. Let us reverse this plan. Let us begin by enumerating all the real evils to which we are subjected, and then let us compare these evils with the real blessings which we enjoy. Let us only take into account the evils which have actually come upon us, and not those which we anticipate and which we fear; for, in nine cases out of ten, prospective evils never enter our doors. We set down possible evils for certain ones, and then put them into the account with those which have already befallen us.

Perhaps you will say that you are poor. Be it so. Do you suffer from hunger? Are your limbs exposed to the keen air of winter, for want of sufficient clothing to cover them? Do you shiver, in inclement weather, over a hearth on which there is not a sufficiency of fuel to keep you warm? Do you not possess sufficient covering to enable you to sleep comfortably at night? Unless you are really destitute in any one of these particulars, your poverty occasions you no suffering. The rich man can carry nothing out of the world, and so that your immediate necessities are supplied, you should be thankful to Heaven who has given you all that you are capable of enjoying, instead of repining that you have not such things as you could not make use of. You cannot even compare your wants with your comforts, for you have no wants. You have everything to be grateful for, and nothing to complain of. If you reply that you have all you need at present, but are always in fear of being destitute—this only betrays your want of confidence in Divine Protection, and you are very unreasonable to murmur at afflictions which have never come upon you. But perhaps you are really necessitous. Perhaps you do not always receive a sufficiency of good and palatable nutriment for the body. If that be the case, it would be well to reflect in how many other particulars you are provided for, and you will find that the good far outweighs the evil.

But it is not only in worldly goods that our comfort lies. Perhaps you have lost a friend, and you repine at this circumstance, as if every other consideration must yield to that disagreeable reflection. We have many friends left; but we refuse to take comfort and courage on that account. The loss of one friend outweighs the reflection that we have many. We studiously look on the dark side of the picture, let the other be ever so bright. We are resolved to dwell

in darkness, though there be but one dark spot to be found, while light breaks forth on every side. I have read of a man who owned three farms. He lost one of them, and his neighbor, who owned a farm, came to condole with him on his loss. 'I ought rather to condole with you,' returned the loser, 'for I have still two farms left, while you have but one.' He took the right view of the subject. So let us when we meet with a loss or a misfortune look over the blessings which are still left to us, and, instead of repining at our own condition, consider how many there are who are still more destitute and unfortunate than ourselves; and above all, that we are not worthy of the least of the favors which we enjoy. With this reflection will arise contentment, and from contentment will spring happiness and gratitude to the dispenser of our mercies.

Religion of the Affections.

Original.

'I WOULD rather make people religious through their best feelings than their worst—through their gratitude and affections, rather than their fears and calculations of risk and punishment.'

ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

IN a humble cottage in a quiet hamlet near the sea-shore dwelt John Loveman, surrounded by as happy a family as ever heaven was implored to bless. From early life he had known what it was to toil and struggle for the means of subsistence to enable him to dwell amid his kindred in gladness. When intelligence first dawned upon him he found himself without a father to smile at his prattling speech, and his mother, somewhat weak and sickly, labored diligently for himself and brothers. They were all young, unable to assist their mother when their father died; but she fainted not, remembering her dying husband's words, 'He who hears the raven's cry will not desert thee. Trust in him!' And she did trust in him, and taught her children with their first lisping tones to offer praise to the widow's God. It was indeed a most lovely sight to look into her humble cottage at the twilight hour at the close of day. Every thing around was in order, and clothed, as it were, with neatness. The frugal meal was over, and near the window that looked out upon the sea the little group were gathered around their maternal protector. She has in her hand, *the mother's book*, and has read a simple portion to the listening hearers. Now she speaks to them

of what she has read, and the burthen of her counsels is ever confidence in the Unseen. Now they kneel—their little hands are meekly laid on their breasts, and their sweet voices follow the mother's utterance of holy thoughts. The prayer is over. The mother sings a favorite hymn, and then a kiss from each fits them for the night's rest. But for hours yet the parent sits and labors with heart as patient and happy as ever beat in human breast, and the calm expression of her countenance bespeaks the indwelling feeling that to labor for those we dearly love is pleasurable. And her thoughts were sweet, though of a solemn cast, as she looked upon the waters over which her husband had so often sailed, and from whose depths he had drawn the finny tribe. Whether sleeping in the calm moonlight, or tossed by the fitful winds in fury, still she loved to gaze upon the sea. The memories blended with the scene were dear as the first smiles of the infant to its mother. Its calmness reminded her of the pleasant hours of conjugal love, and its strife recalled the many fearful dangers from which *he* had been delivered; the one bade her be grateful, the other to trust in Him whose way is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known. The great desire of her heart was to cause her children to have sympathy with the same confidence and love toward the Benefactor of human kind, and if her teachings were not imparted with scholastic precision and refinement of language, they did not want in elevation, spirituality and power. The wisdom of this world was but little known to her, but the wisdom of God was familiar, and she recognized in the Unseen and Eternal the Father of man universally. When she died she died like Stephen, with the countenance of an angel, and her last words were the last words of her husband. Death had to her no terrors, for to her God was a father in the world to come as in this.

John Loveman dwelt in the home of his father when he married, and had he the wealth of many kings he would not have changed its simple furniture. Each article was dear as the sweet recollections of childhood, and he loved to see them as his mother placed them. The wife he chose favored his wishes, and he loved her the more because she loved his mother. When their own offspring required the guidance of parental care, they would often, in the calm-

ness of evening, talk of how his mother taught her children, and much they revered her religious instructions. They copied her example. They aimed to draw out the affections rather than the fears of their children toward God, and to incite them to act as grateful rather than fearful beings. It would surprise many to know how often the father found opportunities to impress religious teachings on the minds of his little ones, not in set lessons and sermons, but in cheerful conversations and casual remarks. The sweets of the field—the songs of the birds—the thousand sounds of the earth and air and waters, and the munificence of the Creator in the productions of the lower world, all were fraught with the best lessons for the culture of the religious feelings. When the storm raged, and the lightning and thunder changed the beauty of the scene, the children were taught of the uses of the shower, and the beneficial influences of the sulphurous flame. Thus the tempest, with all its grand accompaniments, was made to inspire gratitude rather than terror; and when the roar of the thundering broke on the ear, bursting forth as though the concave of heaven was rending asunder, the children felt awed, but not terrified. Storms never to them had been talked of as the effects of the wrath of Heaven, nor were the lightning and the thunder the ministers of an offended God, and when at night they were awake by the noise of the warring elements, as though the heavens and the sea were battling in fury, and the red lightning gleamed across their chamber through the curtained window, the shriek and the cry of fearfulness came not from them, but they were calm.

They grew up in moral beauty. They served God by grateful enjoyment of his bounty, and looked through all their blessings up to the Father of mercies. Theirs was the religion of the affections, and to them it was ever a spring from which flowed a thousand streams to cheer and gladden.

Learn, O parents! thus to teach your children; and learn, O man! thus to trace your Maker's kindness and care in all the departments of nature—of social and domestic life. Let duty be founded on gratitude, and there will be great peace in following the testimonies of sacred truth. Then will you feel that he is not far from every one of us, and that his nearness is the nearness of love.

ARIAN.

Boston, Mass.

Spring.

Original.

THE voice of the spirit
Of beauty and bloom,
Hath bidden earth's verdure
Awake from its tomb;
The snow-shrouding mantle
Hath vanished away,
And plant, shrub and flower,
Come forth to the day.

All nature rejoices
From valley and hill,—
The gush of the fountain,
The flow of the rill,
The music of waters
Unshackled and free,
Blend with echoing notes,
And hum of the bee.

Field, forest and meadow,
The mountain and plain,
With new life are teeming,
And aid the glad strain,
To welcome the spirit
Of beauty and bloom,
Who hath burst earth's fetters,
And scattered the gloom.

Awake ye in gladness,
Ye children of earth!
For 'tis God who hath given
This glorious new birth;
Shout for joy! for he speaks,
And bids you confide,
In that power and mercy
That e'er will abide.

ED.

East Cambridge, April 1838.

Religious Consolation.

Original.

WHAT a stupendous foundation has the christian religion—a God infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness, who guideth and directeth all things to a final glorious consummation, even happiness to every intelligent being. Faith in such a religion will impart comfort in every hour of affliction, and be a strong and mighty staff to lean upon when we have found all things of time and sense to be but as broken reeds; and when the lamp of life shall feebly glimmer in the socket, it will draw aside the veil that shrouds the tomb, and unfold to the mental eye a view of the distant world where light, life and joy eternal reign. And such is the religion which the God of all comfort has given us through his son, and by which we are comforted in all tribulation, and of which comfort we would invite all to partake who are in any trouble, not permitting the darkness of sorrow to shroud the glory of God, his goodness and his care.

When the brightness of the sun is eclipsed

by dark clouds, and the storm beats around us, we are apt to feel gloomy, our spirits are cast down; not because the sun shines not, for we know that he shines above the tempest; not because we know the tempest to be injurious, for we see its beneficial effects in reviving nature, causing the earth to be fruitful, purifying the atmosphere, and giving health to the animal economy; but we are in gloom because the cheer-ingrays of the sun are not sensibly felt, we do not see them, their smile is gone from our sight, and we are ready to cry that if the monarch of day would only burst through the clouds and shed his beams over us, then we should be cheerful; not considering that if our requests were granted, we and all around us would be far greater sufferers: so it is in the hour of affliction, in times of sickness, bereavement and distress, we are apt to sink down in mute despair, or pain the ears of our friends with murmurs and lamentations, not because the goodness of God is not, as ever, over us then, for we cannot doubt his unchanging love, but because we do not feel the immediate beams of the sun of consolation, and while we are wrapt in the mists of affliction, depressed by the weight of God's dealings with us, we too often forget that God reigns in majesty supreme, and sitting at the helm of affairs, controls the elements and the storms in the moral as in the material world, and will finally bring all, whether they have sailed smoothly or roughly over the sea of life, to the harbor of happiness.

All who are in affliction should remember, that when the smiles of gladness and prosperity were upon them, when they were rejoicing in the sweet society of those whose departure they mourn, when life was full of enjoyments, then they doubted not of the goodness of the Almighty for they were basking in its rays; why then should we in hours of distress doubt his tenderness and love? Do we imagine that the high and holy God of the universe would bend from the loftiness of his character to vent anger upon one of his feeble children? Do we imagine that his nature is at any time changed, that he is not at all times, yea eternally, a God of love? To let such thoughts come into our breasts is reproaching the character of our heavenly Father, and denying what our calm and unbiassed reason taught us was true, that 'the goodness of God endureth continually.'

Perhaps we may draw a useful lesson from a

visit to the tomb of Jesus ; and with our imaginations obey the call—'Come see the place where the Lord lay.' How many mingled emotions rush upon the mind when we reflect upon the history of him who there was laid ! When we remember his many sufferings, his deep agony of heart, and the death of deaths which he suffered. We think our afflictions to be great—to be beyond our desert—pause and meditate on those that attended the ever-blessed Jesus ; come to his tomb and learn to lessen your love for things of earth, and think more of the happy everlasting friendship in heaven, than of the few short years of this life.

How short was the time between the hour when round the social board the Sinless met with his chosen friends, and the time when they shed their tears over his resting-place—mourned beside his sepulchre ; and in that brief interval what a crowd of terrific images were pressed. Look at him at Gethsemane, in the attitude of fervent prayer to his God—when the bitterness of the cup was felt, and the startling horrors of the coming hours burst upon his mental vision—when he bowed down in solitude, apart from his friends, and poured out his soul in prayer, and the comforter came to him. Let this scene teach us when the heart is surcharged in grief to enter our closet and pray in secret, and there we shall meet the same sweet comforter and be refreshed.

O, 'tis a blessed privilege, one that is not valued as it should be, that we can unfold our sorrows and our wants to an Almighty Friend, who is ever near to lend a hearing ear. We have felt its blessed influence descend upon our hearts as the soft dew upon the withering flowers : to us it has been a comforter ; and we would have others comforted by the comfort wherewith we are comforted of God. If any are in affliction let them pray. To the christian prayer brings a foretaste of heaven ; he approaches nearer the Father of mercies, and if the bitter cup cannot be put away, he can have strength to drink its wormwood and gall ; and though the sceptic and worldling may smile at the thought of comfort from prayer, yet, blessed be God, their smile cannot prevent our feeling its holy, happy influence.

We have thus dwelt upon the sorrows of our Lord in order to demonstrate the truth, that the afflictions we are called upon to endure argue nought against the continued love of God toward

us ; and that as he had a wise design in permitting mighty sorrows to encompass his own beloved Son, he also has a wise design in permitting such afflictions as visit his children ; and sickness, whether it be or not unto death, is for the glory of God. And while we are so subject to sickness, pain and death, it is consoling to believe that there is an ultimate design to bring happiness to all, and that 'our light afflictions which are but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

'Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort ; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort those who are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God : ' Thus we have comfort given us to enable us to comfort others, and this we must do by unfolding the considerations wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. Our first source of comfort is derived from the paternal character of God, who is called 'the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort ; ' and that this is his true character reason, nature and revelation will eloquently attest. It is the beauty of our holy religion that it has a God of love for its founder, and that its great design is to perfect all at last in love ; and we are confident that earth with all her charms and short-lived joys, cannot bring to the sorrowing heart so much comfort as is embraced in the short creed that the Supreme Ruler is our Father in deed and in truth. With this assurance we can rest satisfied with his dispensations, and that they are made in mercy ; that though the human eye cannot penetrate the veil of futurity, or see aught but severity in the visitations of Omnipotent Power, yet remembering his character, and that he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, we can confide in him, and believe that 'behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face.'

We ourselves are comforted in believing in the unchangeableness of the Divine character—that he is now, and will be evermore, the Father of mercies ; no cruelty can abide with him 'for he is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works ; ' surely he can do nought but what is in truth benevolent to those over whom he extends his tender mercies ; yea, as sang the Psalmist, 'O Lord, thou art good, and doest good.'

We are comforted in belief of the universality of the promise of future life and happiness, and that it is the free gift of Almighty God. We would not limit the holy One of Israel, for he is in all his attributes illimitable; and when we are told that his justice will demand that unending misery shall be inflicted on some in the unseen world, we are quieted when we remember that his justice is the justice of love. L. R. S.

Fulness of Joy.

Original.

'That your joy might be full, or complete,—filled up: a metaphor taken from a vessel into which water, or anything, is poured till it is full to the brim. The religion of Christ expels *all misery* from the hearts of those who receive it in its fulness. It was to drive wretchedness out of the world, that Jesus came into it.' ADAM CLARKE.

SUCH are the comments of this celebrated writer on John xv. 11, and to the truth of his remarks I can give my unqualified assent. Christ Jesus did indeed come into our world to give the fulness of joy—to satisfy the spiritual thirst of man, and to this end he unfolded the sublimest and most consoling views of the Divine character and government. When he delivered the awful denunciations of justice on the gross of heart, he looked beyond the infliction of the punishment to their ultimate redemption. Beautiful to the last were the manifestations of his affection for universal man. They adorn every page of his history, even to the death, and the solemn scenes after his resurrection. Enthroned on the right hand of the Majesty on high, he is the same, and as his is an all blessing and all-embracing love, we can hope for ourselves and our race. It is this *unlimited hope* that alone can give the fulness of joy. No other can 'expel all misery,' for what keener grief ever seized upon the feelings of human nature than the fear that a dear friend has been doomed by an irrevocable decree of God to eternal woe! And do not the believers in this limiting of God's grace, oftentimes fear this dreadful doom for themselves? Let them but bring the all-horrific doctrine home to their *feelings*, and the more they *feel it*, the less will all misery be expelled from their hearts, but a source of anguish be opened, whose streams, like the waters of Marah, will be bitterness and death.

Thousands give their *assent* to the doctrine of unending torments who never *feel* it. Here is a grand distinction. Before God I believe that

no one, with the common sympathies of humanity, can *feel* that doctrine—can with the heart 'receive it in its fulness,' and remain *sane*. No; human nature cannot bear such a terrible vision as would burst upon the eye of the mind. I have seen maniacs, maddened by a belief in that doctrine; I have seen parents weep without hope because of its influence; and I have seen the settled gloom of countenance, and heard the deep groan of believers in that sentiment, because of their *exposure* to the fiery end; and I have felt that they know but little of the truth that the '*religion of Christ* expels *all misery* from the hearts of those who receive it in its fulness. It was to drive wretchedness out of the world that Jesus came into it.'

Social Religious Meetings.

Original.

SOCIAL religious meetings, where all who feel disposed are at liberty to speak, have been promotive of much good. In some of the societies of our order, it has been the practice in their social meetings of reading essays sent in by members who do not wish to speak. This is a good custom, and if generally adopted would be beneficial in drawing out much useful, but now concealed talent, and females might have an opportunity of thus taking part in the exhortations of the meeting. We are happy to publish the two following communications from female writers, which were read in the social meeting of the Universalist society in South Boston.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
Which trembles in the breast.'

'How sweet to be allowed to pray,' to pay the morning and the evening sacrifice at the shrine of devotion, to cast all our cares aside, and humbly bow at the throne of that invisible Being whom we can address by the endearing appellation of *Father*, with the firm conviction that he is a friend in whom we can place the most implicit confidence, and petition his choicest blessings to rest upon us; to devoutly ask the forgiveness of sins, and implore strength from above in the hour of temptation. From the heart of the reflector arise many sources of gratitude to its great and benevolent Creator; he sees the Di-

vine goodness displayed in every department of his works ; in the gentle showers which descend alike upon the grounds of the just and the unjust, in the mild zephyrs of evening which fan his brow, in the ocean's roar, upon whose foaming billows lie strown the wrecks of ages long since flown. Rise at the dawn of day, and behold the sun rising in all his splendor, diffusing his benignant rays o'er all the earth, and imparting his genial warmth to nature's works ; or go forth at twilight, when the sun's last rays are sinking in the west, when night's sable curtain is fast closing around us, and the gentle dews are falling, behold the heavens lit up by countless numbers of stars, shining like angels' thrones in happier spheres, and the silver moon, resplendent in glory, wending her way through the portals of the sky to light the traveller on his way ; consider all these beauties, and then can we refuse to praise God, who is the beneficent author of these mighty works ? We see gratitude displayed in the animal creation ; the feathered songsters warble their notes of praise as if to thank their Maker for their many little joys ; the lambs bound over the plain in all the buoyancy of spirit ; all nature praises God, and surely *man*, the noblest work of creation, who is endowed with reason, cannot cease to bow in adoration for the many mercies he is constantly receiving from that great Being. Go visit the sick chamber ; behold upon the dying couch that emaciated form, but recently in the bloom of health, the idol of her parents, the pride of her friends, the affectionate and confiding friend of her associates, now writhing in the agonies of pain ; the roses have fled from her cheek, the lustre from her eyes, and soon she must resign life, with all the fond anticipations of youthful hope which her gay heart vainly expected to realize ; contemplate this scene, and bless Heaven for the gift of life, with the enjoyment of its richest blessing, *health*. There are hours of retirement, when we must be alone, when no eye beholds us but that which never sleeps ; and if we cultivate the spirit of devotion, those hours will surely be blessed ones ; the soul can hold sweet communion with its Maker, and derive from thence many pleasing reflections which the world cannot give. When dark affliction sheds its influence on the soul, and those joys which mostly we value seem hastening to decay, how blest are we then if we can raise our trusting eyes to heaven ; in the attitude of prayer, and when we

are laid upon the bed of death, and our friends drop the parting tear, and heave the sigh of regret in view of our departure, even then we find sweet consolation in prayer to 'him who sitteth upon the throne,' for the firm assurance of a blissful reunion of spirits made pure by the atoning blood of the Lamb. Let us then cultivate the spirit of prayer ; and may the 'Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and bless us, and at last bring us all home with the countless throng of a ransomed and immortalized universe, to that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, where we will celebrate his praises forever and ever.

A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

South Boston, March 3, 1838.

SABBATH EVENING MEDITATIONS.

To a mind inclined to reflect on subjects relative to a future state, what can be more delightful, what more congenial than the scene which the close of a Sabbath day presents ? All then is wrapt in stillness and beauty ; there is nothing to disturb the devout worshipper whilst holding communion with his Maker. The cares of the world seem to vanish from the mind like a dream,—the whole soul is absorbed in the contemplation of that Being, 'who is good unto all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.' Life indeed seems like a vapor which continueth but for a moment, and is then extinguished, but not forever. No ! dreadful would be the thought if it were so ; thanks be to 'the Giver of every good and perfect gift,' we are assured that when the light of this fleeting world shall have faded from our sight, we shall not cease to be ; but at the resurrection a world shall come forth in the image of Jesus Christ, and rejoice in a new and heavenly existence. For, saith the apostle, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive ;' and, 'as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly ; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.' But there is one other reflection, which is infinitely more rapturous and soul cheering than any other of which we are capable of conceiving ; and that is, the ultimate holiness and happiness of the whole ransomed family of man. Yes, it is the assurance that the glorious period shall arrive when all things shall be subject to Christ, when the trumpet shall sound to awaken the entombed millions, and bid them

rise and be clothed in the vestments of immortality. What unfading hope do such meditations and such a belief promise. They elevate the affections to heaven, and the whole mind is engrossed in contemplating the joys of that world,

'Where all shall bathe their weary souls
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across the peaceful-breast.'

The Beauty of Humility.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

Original.

'Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is humility.' MONTGOMERY.

READER, perhaps you will pass carelessly over this article ; if so, I cannot marvel ; for I make no pretensions to the creation of incident for mere authorship's sake. Wishing to say a few things in a plain way, I here make record of what hath by me been seen and heard, leaving it to the mind of the serious reader to draw his own moral.

Jane Merton was one of the most brilliant girls in the village of P—, an only daughter of parents whose affection to their children knew no abatement, no change. I remember when I first saw her at her father's door one bright summer morning, with her laughing eyes, blooming cheeks, and lustrous locks. She was scarcely sixteen; and her sweet voice was ringing loudly to her little brother, who had trodden down her 'London Prides,' in the flower garden. I became more intimately acquainted with her soon after, as I made a residence of some few years in her native village.

The personal beauty of Jane was a subject of remark by the old matrons of the village in way of gossip, and by the younger portion of the little community from envy or admiration. There is something in the grace of form and feature which wins the esteem of the multitude, and commands a kind of silent respect where other qualifications would be obliged to knock hard for admittance at the door of the heart. It was so in this instance. Jane did not lack mental qualifications. She was decidedly intellectual ; nature had made her so. But for this alone she was not so much admired, especially by the young and gay of the neighborhood of P—; for here, as in many other places, outward attractions were considered of superior value to those more noble qualities of the im-

perishable mind. Jane was regarded as 'the reigning belle,' (unfortunate title!) of the village ; and not sufficiently checked by the counsels of over-indulgent parents, her pure spirit was carried away captive by the syren voices of affectation and flattery. Visitors from the city to the family of Mr. Merton, talked too much of the exterior charms of his daughter ; dissertations and criticisms on good and bad forms and countenances were too often given in her hearing, till, instead of the free-hearted and attractive Jane Merton as nature had made her, she became a proud, vain girl.

There is, as the reader knows, a difference between pride and vanity. Pride makes us esteem ourselves ; vanity causes us to desire the esteem of others. Both these plagues were attached to our heroine. Her toilet became her most favorite resort. She began to love the voice of praise and commendation—though of course she affected to disregard it. She wished to produce an effect on all who beheld her, and she partially succeeded. Among the less reflecting she was idolized, and her sayings were by them seldom disputed. The more discreet pitied her ; but of this latter feeling a miss of seventeen can realize but little, when she, by her own weakness, becomes its object. Her days of flirtation, triumph, coquetry and love-adventure came ; but to recount their events would only be to repeat what has been realized a thousand times in this fickle world. No deep guilt attached itself to Jane. To flirt was a branch of education which she had learned from her intercourse with the fashionables of her acquaintance—and she wished to act as a fashionable lady. Alas ! she was a weak one, also ; weak from excess of pride. Even her parents became somewhat uneasy at certain symptoms of their daughter's extravagance, and made unsuccessful attempts to reason with her on the subject, but to little purpose. She grew more and more unlike her former self, save in that beautiful countenance and graceful form. So far as these could speak, they gained her the attention of her friends ; but her affectation and excessive vanity called forth their disgust. This in its turn produced irritable feelings in Jane ; and with that intellectual brightness with which nature had favored her, she imagined herself superior to expostulation, and chose to be her own counsellor. Sometimes a discreet friend would venture to suggest certain amendments in

her disposition and manner, but these were generally received with too much of coldness to be again repeated. Her companions frequently murmured in consequence of her selfishness, and would unitedly wonder why she was so hard to please. I remember many little incidents connected with her history at this age of her ladyhood—but they need not be recounted here. Suffice it to say that although I became somewhat interested in fear that so beautiful a girl might be ruined, and in hope that she might be rescued from her vanity, yet I had no serious belief that the latter event would take place unless her soul was rightly touched, and Jane could become a disciple of him who was 'meek and lowly in heart.'

At about the age of eighteen, Jane became acquainted with Henry Graham, a young gentleman with whom she had met the year previous at her uncle's in the city. He was a busy young merchant, of highly respectable parentage, and, for a city inhabitant, one of the most staid and serious minded. He was a religious young man; and how Jane could become ardently attached to one of such temperament, seemed a matter of perplexity, unless it was in consequence of the intellectual attainments of Henry. His mind was well stored, and his conversation deeply interesting and agreeable. He was not a superstitious christian, but one whose heart God had opened by the expansive spirit of truth and love, and his delight was to exercise that charity which 'thinketh no evil, beareth, hopeth, endureth all things.' He loved Jane, and his love was reciprocal. (Let love philosophers wonder if they will—if it cannot be accounted for, such was the fact. Love cares but very little for metaphysics.) Yet Henry was not blinded as others might have been by the personal beauty of his object. He saw her weaknesses, and in due time, and in the right manner, endeavored to set them in order before her eyes. Their union for life had been seriously canvassed, and Henry knew that an abatement of vanity on the part of Jane was absolutely necessary to the happiness of their connection. Jane heard the gentle suggestions and reproofs of her friend, but they effected but little. She could not give up her self-sufficiency. She had so long been idolized for her beauty, that it seemed a kind of sacrilege to cease from paying tribute to it. Still Henry did not despair. Love is too constant, too untiring, to shrink at

the first onset, even if repulsed. 'It suffereth long, and is kind.' We speak of christian love. Its workings were in visible operation in the case before us. Providence directed them.

Health and beauty may dwell together in peace and joy—but sickness, wasting disease, tells a different tale. When this comes, beauty is at first alarmed, then mortified and subdued. Before the day of her union with Henry Graham had been fixed, Jane was brought low—so low that her life was nearly despaired of by the family physician. During her protracted illness Henry had visited her, and had marked with anxious, deep solicitude, the gradual sinking away of the frail tabernacle in which was enshrined the spirit of his loved one. The red flush of health had departed—the ruby lips were pale—the laughing eye sunken—and the vigor of life succeeded by languor and pain. During this sickness Jane had a season for reflection, a gloomy season, yet it proved a glorious one. It is said the darkest hour is just before day. St. Paul once wrote, that chastening, although it seemed not joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterwards yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who were exercised thereby. It was so when he lived. It has been so since those apostolic days. It was so in the instance which we record. Jane's sickness had been tedious, and her recovery was scarcely deemed possible.

It was at the close of a long, bright summer day, as I sat at my window, book in hand, watching now and then the golden hue of the sunset sky, that I received a call from my excellent friend, Rev. Mr. G., the parish minister of P—. I had deeply respected him ever since we first met. He was a christian in the true sense of the word, and his visits were always welcome. He stated a few items of the general news pertaining to his peaceable parochial dominions, and then commenced conversation on the sickness of Jane Merton. On inquiry I found he had just ended a visit there, and from his description it must have been a visit of no common interest. His large, benevolent eyes filled with tears as he talked, and I was completely christianized in feeling by his recital of the change which had taken place in the mind of the belle of the village of P—. 'You would hardly credit your hearing,' said he, 'were you now to listen to the language of Jane. You know her character for pride; and

you would be surprised at the change. I have tarried with her most of the afternoon. She is quite low—yet conversation is not oppressive nor disagreeable to her. She desires it; and her conversation is of the right kind. She has seen clearly her own character, and has been humbled. She has prayed heaven to spare her life that she may atone for past benefits abused, and mercies wasted; that she may prove her penitence by overcoming the vanity of her spirit, and living not for herself, but to her Savior. 'Is it possible?' exclaimed I; 'you bring me tidings of which I had not dreamed—at least, that such an event would take place so soon.' 'It is as I have told you,' said my clerical friend; 'and never in the course of my short experience, have I seen so beautiful a specimen of christian humility. Jane is sensible of her former errors; she has deplored her silly pride; acknowledged her impropriety and adoration of self, (who would have thought it?) and now sees clearly that without a corresponding beauty of mind, all outward attractions are but false lights, luring to deceive, and dazzling but to blind. I asked her if she imagined that these opinions would remain fixed in her mind should she recover her wonted strength and vigor again. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "I know you may consider what I say as partaking somewhat of the weakness of a disordered frame; but I believe God has given me to understand by this dispensation of affliction that which I never understood before, but which I sincerely hope may never pass away from this soul—that to be lovely indeed, the mind must be humble. I know now something of my proud heart; I see the manner in which this pride has been received by many, and how that in the midst of professions of esteem, I have been seriously looked upon with pity and contempt. Heaven pardon my weakness. I believe, my dear sir, that this affliction, if I recover, will prove a salutary lesson for me. It reminds me of the poet's words, where he says that

'Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.'

I have seen darkness, and in that darkness glorious lights have been revealed to my sight, and the vision, I trust, hath made me wise unto salvation."

Jane ultimately recovered from her illness; but before that event took place, I had left P—, to reside in a distant part of the country. I never

saw the subject of this sketch until three years afterwards. Then she was the happy wife of Henry Graham. Her sweet babe was playing on the parlor floor as I entered, and I thought I saw before me the picture of domestic bliss. It was no deception. Before I retired from the happy family, I had heard in familiar conversation the religious experience of Jane. It was just what might be expected from the recital of the clergyman's story already hinted to the reader. And it was evident that the christian character of Henry had aided greatly in strengthening her resolutions. I am an admirer of innocent beauty and loveliness; yet I believe my love for christianity is stronger. When I see them combined, I have no language glowing enough for the description. In all her laughing glory of sixteen Jane never appeared so interesting as at this moment. I beheld in her what I never expected to behold, the beauty of humility. It was in her looks, manners, conversation. O, what a model, thought I, for the young and thoughtless devotees of fashion and outward attraction!

If there be one virtue in the christian train, more bright and soul-subduing than another, it is that of humility. It was extolled by him who spake as never man spake, in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican: 'For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' It brings the soul where it should be, at the feet of the great Teacher, and pours down upon it the light and glory of the celestial world. No incense is purer, none more accepted of God, than that which burns on the altar of humility. Its rising is hailed by adoring angels around the eternal throne—by the voices of cherubim and seraphim—chaunted by music of the spirits of the redeemed in the harmony of heaven!

None could appreciate the change of which we speak better than the husband of Jane. On a blank leaf in a neat little Bible which lay on the table, bearing the wife's name, I read the following in Henry's hand, from the poet whose sweet expression heads this article:

'The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground its lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;

The weight of glory bows him down
The most, when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne of God must be
The footstool of humility.

Lovers of personal beauty, city and village
'belles,' over-indulgent, flattering fathers and
mothers, gay admirers of fashion, and scorers
of the lowly mind, have you read a good lesson
here? If not, I ask nothing but the time you
have taken in reading my sketch. If otherwise,
the Lord be thanked. Adieu.

Malden, Mass.

Infidelity.

Original.

A. I PERCEIVE you will still continue to go up
to that old building every Sunday, and listen to
the lies and folly of deluded and deceitful men.

B. I still continue to go to meeting on the
Sabbath, and I listen to the sermon with atten-
tion.

A. What advantage do you gain by it?

B. Much advantage! In the first place my
strength is renewed by waiting on the Lord. In
the second place my thoughts are detached from
the vain and changing things of time, and soar
to brighter and fairer climes. I reap that en-
joyment which is but an earnest of that which is
to come—yet how infinitely superior to all that
this earth can afford are those crumbs that fall
from the Lord's table, and which the humble
partake of to the renewing of their souls.

A. One would suppose you had some idea
of taking orders yourself. But do you know
that all which you have said sounds to me like
the ravings of a Bedlamite, or the senseless
jabberings of an idiot?

B. It was so of olden time, and I know not
why it should not be the same now. St. Paul's
preaching was to the wise Greeks foolishness,
and to the Jews a stumbling block. Festus said
to Paul, 'much learning has made thee mad,'
and I marvel not that your words should be like
unto his, since you too are an opposer of the
truth.

A. An opposer of the truth! You do me
great wrong. It is the truth that I am in search
of—while you are taking idle fables on trust,
and dare not bring your opinions to the test. I
belong to a society whose object is to investigate
the truth, and we meet every week to discuss
and examine, impartially, the merits of the
christian faith.

B. Among other books which you examine
at these debates, do you search the Scriptures?

A. We do not search *them* to find the evi-
dence of their own truth—for we must first de-
cide that they are worthy of belief, before we
can place any dependance upon them.

B. Do you not allow them all the weight
which they intrinsically possess? Do you not
examine them to see what internal evidence of
their worthiness they possess?

A. Why, you must not suppose that I have
reached this time of life without knowing some-
thing about the Scriptures. I know they tell a
great many strange stories, such as, that a whale
swallowed Jonah—that seven persons went into
a fiery furnace and came out without being
scorched, and a number of other incredible and
silly slanders against the laws of nature.

B. The Scriptures contain something else
besides stories, as you call them. What do you
think of the command, 'Thou shalt love thy
neighbor as thyself?'

A. I love my neighbor if he deserves it, but
if he does not, I would not love him.

B. Suppose that every body should act upon
that principle. None but those who are without
fault would be treated with kindness.

A. I suppose that command is well enough.

B. Are you quite certain that you fulfil that
command in your daily conduct?

A. Certainly not.

B. Yet you would find fault with and over-
throw a system of religion, the very first law of
which you have not yet practised, while you
admit that it is a good one. If it is a good law,
why not put it in practice.

A. I don't take the Bible for my rule. We
have a library of books in our association.

B. But, my dear sir, of what avail are those
books, or those rules of conduct which you
draw from them, when you confess that you do
not practice the simplest rule of duty.

A. O! I perceive that you are wholly under
the control of the priests. This, sir, is an en-
lightened age, and I cannot listen to priest-rid-
den fanatics. I wish you a good morning.

Visit to Gloucester, Mass.

Original.

How dear do the names of some places become
to us, because of the associations which are con-
nected with them, though the places may never

have been visited by us. Such a name to me has *Gloucester* been since the days of childhood, when first I read and heard of *Murray*, the bold and faithful servant of Jesus Christ. When I came into the place, imagination gave it a mysterious charm, and I felt I was where I had often wished to be. Here the sainted Murray first found a home; here the first band of believers was formed; here was erected the first house for the worship of the Savior of all men; and from here went forth the truth in great power conquering and to conquest. Here the same spirit that persecuted the Master, opposed and vilified the servant, and here devoted and affectionate brethren stretched out the hand of defence to shelter the persecuted apostle of the restitution. How few of that noble brotherhood now remain on the earth! With *one* I had the pleasure to converse of the things of the kingdom, and my heart gave glory to God as I heard him declare that he felt his faith growing even stronger as old age advanced on. Upwards of four score years have rolled over his head. Sixty years he has folded to his heart the truth of universal redemption! I have asked my heart, how much enjoyment has been imparted to him by that 60 years belief in the happyfying gospel! How many times must he have been called to mourn the departure of the beloved relative or friend, and how rich has been the consolations poured into his soul by the all-glorious hopes of his faith! No wonder his tongue is ever ready to speak of God and his Son, and the great salvation, and no wonder that he desires to make converts to the truth, for 60 years enjoyment of its spiritual pleasures has filled his heart with gratitude and thankfulness. He has tried it in health and in sickness; in prosperity and in adversity; at home and abroad; and it hath ever been sweet to his soul, and he cannot but fondly desire that others may rejoice in the same, who now are far from the 'living waters,' and 'spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not.' How pleasing must be the contrast that the religious world now presents compared with what it was when first he rallied round the banner of the *Savior of the World*. Then but two or three heralds were proclaiming the truth, now what a multitude! Then but a single house was devoted to the worship of the eternal Father of our whole race, now they are in almost every city, town and village in the land! Then

opposition was violent, unmanly, and the believer was hooted as an enemy to society, now the warfare is softened down to comparative mildness, and it is admitted that a *Universalist may be an honest man!* Truly, if father Murray found cause in his day to exclaim, 'The Lord hath done *great things* for us, whereof we are glad!' how much more have we. Verily, it is the Lord's work and marvellous in our eyes!

Much hast thou, O aged father in the faith, to cheer the few remaining years of mortal existence. Much hast thou to make thee glad and hope for the glorious onward march of the gospel of the Lord Jesus. May the light of its glory shine ever upon thy path, and scatter far away all that darkens or dims the prospect of the better land. And when death comes, he will come with no terrors, but like Stephen, thine eyes shall see the glory of God beyond the narrow house. Jesus hath risen, and with him humanity; for his resurrection is a pledge and promise of our own, and of our race. Thou O father, canst say—I feel thou canst say,

'I would not live alway; no,—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph above the bright skies.' ED.

Sin against the Holy Ghost. MATT. xii. 31, 32.

We have been requested to publish an exposition of this passage of Scripture, and therefore submit the following remarks:

THE circumstances which occasioned the words of the text, appear to be briefly these: a blind and dumb demoniac was brought to Jesus, and he gave an illustrious manifestation of his power by healing the afflicted man. The people were astonished, and were ready to acknowledge Jesus as the promised One. The Jewish leaders were fearful of this, and therefore framed an absurd supposition to lessen the effect of the miracle on their minds; thus said the Pharisees—'This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils.' Jesus reasoned with them on their own principles, and made manifest the absurdity of their assertion; he said unto them,—'Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand; and if *Satan cast out Satan*, he is divided against himself; how then shall his kingdom stand?' It would be the greatest folly to suppose, that if Jesus was in league with an in-

fernal power, that he would act directly against that power, or that Satan would lend his aid against himself to advance a doctrine that was designed to destroy all evil, and completely overthrow the kingdom of sin.

He pushed the argument still further, and argued on the truth of the supposition, that some of the Pharisees might cast out demons, as asserted by themselves. Said he, 'If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges.' If some of their sect claimed to have cast out demons by the aid of divine influence, by what reason did they ascribe his casting out demons to an evil influence? Can it be that God and Satan are engaged in the same work? No; therefore their spiteful declaration against Jesus was the climax of absurdity.

He pushed still farther the argument, thus,—'But if I cast out devils by the spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you. Or else how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house.' Here he compared Satan to a strong man from whom nothing could be taken without superior force; how great the absurdity then to suppose that Beelzebub would aid his avowed enemy to weaken his own dominion; therefore, added Jesus, 'he that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' Or, as I and Satan have opposite ends in view, it is absurd to imagine that he would do otherwise than exert all his power against me.

Thus did he show the vile, impious and foolish declaration of the Pharisees in its proper light. He clearly exposed the malignant prejudices they fostered against him and his doctrine, that made them blind to all evidence, deaf to all argument, and caused them to attribute the working of a mighty and benevolent miracle, the reality of which they could not and dare not deny, to the agency of an evil power. Thus with wicked hearts did they blaspheme the Holy Ghost, or the Spirit of God, and despised his grace, and strove to lure well-meaning minds from following Jesus. Inasmuch as we cannot place ourselves in a like situation to that in which the Pharisees at that time stood, we hesitate not to say that the passage cannot be applied to our day, neither can the sin therein spoken of be committed. And we think the se-

quel will show that the conclusion of the passage does not, and was not intended to refer, or be applied to persons in this age of the world.

What was this sin? It was opposition to the divine agency in the working of the miracles wrought by Jesus, and maliciously ascribing his miracles to Beelzebub, whom they regarded as the prince of wickedness. This sin Jesus declared hath never forgiveness;—'The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.' We cannot believe that the divine Teacher meant to be understood, that that sin could not *absolutely* be forgiven, but regard him as adopting a usual mode of speech in the Hebrew language, by which one thing is asserted and another denied, merely to denote comparison; and in this case he compared the criminality of the two offences—that of speaking against the Son of man, and that of maliciously speaking against the Spirit of God. But if we allow that the Savior meant that the sin mentioned *can never absolutely be forgiven*, we maintain a doctrine directly opposed to the genius of christianity—to the clear declarations of Jehovah, the Son and his apostles, and to the revealed consummation of the reign of Him who was appointed to take away the sin of the world, and destroy the devil and his works.

There are other passages of equally strong language as the one on which we are commenting, which we must interpret with limitation; for instance, Jesus said, 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my father which is in heaven.' Matt. x. 33. Yet we know that Peter denied shamefully his Master before men thrice, but he was not utterly cut off, for Jesus forgave him, and continued to him his apostleship. And there is another incident perhaps more worthy of attention than the one noticed; it is this;—we are told that when Jesus was on the cross, some of the malicious rulers came near and mocked him, and aided the reviling crowd;—'And the people stood beholding, and the rulers also with them derided him, saying, he saved others, let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.'—Luke xxiii. 35. Here they acknowledged he had wrought miracles—he had saved others—but still they would not admit that he was the Sent of God, but derided him. Yet Jesus, the compassionate Jesus, prayed for their forgiveness, which he would not have done had he intended by the words of the passage now under consid-

eration to be understood that such blasphemy hath never forgiveness absolutely.

The great error of interpretation may be traced to the meaning attached to the phrase, 'this world, neither the world to come,' considered as referring to this and the future state of existence—time and eternity. This is entirely wrong, for the phrase, 'this world, and the world to come,' referred to the Jewish and Christian age, or dispensation; this the best critics allow, but what is better, other passages of scripture prove it. Let it be understood that Jesus spake the words of the text under the Jewish or legal dispensation; '*this world*' referred to that; but '*the world*,' or age, '*to come*,' had reference to the gospel dispensation that was going to be established. The death of Christ was represented as having taken place at the *end of the world*; and the Apostle wrote to the Corinthians that on them had come the *ends of the world*; all which undoubtedly meant, that the Jewish age was drawing near its close, and the new age must begin. Hence we conclude that the simple meaning of the passage is, that the sin against the Holy Ghost hath not forgiveness under the Jewish or Christian dispensation, for those who committed the sin were so vile and malicious that there was no hope of their repenting—none could free them from the just punishment and consequences of their error—they had sinned and sinned on, and the fearful judgment denounced upon them none could avert; they grievously sinned and were grievously punished by the judgment of the age. This judgment of the age, is the *damnation* alluded to in Mark iii. 29, a parallel text. ED.

The Destruction of the Children of Israel by Pharaoh.

BY REV. L. L. SADLER.

Original.

TORMENTING fears preyed on the despot's mind,
As he beheld the power of numbers rise;
He saw, or thought he saw, himself dethroned,
And those his vassals now, possession take,
And lords become, of people, soil and state—
His nobles turned to slaves—his kingdom wrenched
Away; and Egypt's glory trampled on
By Israel's hosts, who now in bondage sat,
Bearing the iron yoke on their galled necks,
Sighing for quick release—but all in vain.
His throne he fain would save, his hold retain
On long established power, which through a line
Of honored kings by rule legitimate,
To him had come; and cruel stratagems
Devised, the end to gain, the fate reverse.

55

The tyrant spoke—the high behest was heard!
And, obsequious to the fell decree,
Forth went relentless to his work of death,
The ready, hardened executioner,
With burnished blade in hand upheld, destined
To spill the blood of helpless innocence.
The infant sons of Israel fall, to stay
The apprehension's dread of Egypt's king;
And they who once enjoyed a monarch's care,
And richly shared his kind munificence,
Now feel barbarian caprice—the stings
Of a despot's cruelty.

Fathers weep the loss of butchered children,
And utter dolorous lamentations
O'er the graves of the loved ones—now no more.
Mothers mourn the absence of offspring dear—
And their bitter wailings as they ascend,
Break on the ear with dreadful, awful sound,
Calling up all our heart's deep sympathies.
The voice of joy is hushed!—no more the song
Of gladness is heard echoing through the vale;
The smiles of gaiety give place to gloom,
And peace celestial flies the tragic scene.
Ah! who can tell a mother's agony—
Her feelings of woful anguish, when robbed
By ruthless hands of her fond darling child!
With wild dismay, and frantic with despair,
She moves with hurried step—her dishevelled hair
She tears, and refuses consolation.

Amid such scenes of wild and startling horror,
A lovely babe of more than common caste
And beauty is ushered into being,
And destined by a stern decree to fall
Before the mower's scythe. Solicitous
The mother looks on the little cherub,
And madly thinks of its unhappy fate.
How can she give it up! 'Tis like rending
The heart-strings, breaking up the fount of life,—
Like severing the golden chain that binds
To earth, and holds us to our kindred clay.
She throws herself before the arm of death,
And interposes in her child's behalf:—
Such is the fondness of a mother's love;
What is there of earth so strong, unyielding,
As the maternal passion? 'tis this that
Makes the timid brave, gives weakness power,
Defends from threat'ning ill, and throws around
The prattling babe the arms of guarding care—
Pillowed on the heaving breast the darling
Rests secure, and shielded by her ardent
Love, it laughs at danger, and mocks at harm!—
'Tis laid in secret place secure from sight
Of him who roams the land but to destroy,
And here enjoys a parent's bounty.

The time approaches when prudence, safety,
Both forbid concealment longer—and its fate
Must be consigned to heaven's guardian charge.
The flowing Nile is sought, and on its bank,
Where devouring crocodiles look for prey,
In well-wrought ark, the lovely babe is placed,
And here is anxious watched, its fate to know.

A charming Princess from the royal court,
The luxuriant mead perambulates:
And revelling with fondest ecstasy
In all the enchantments of rural bliss,
Draws near the noble stream, her limbs to lave
In the cool refreshing flood so luscious;
And to gaze upon its mirrored bosom,
As it reflects the glories of the sky,
And the beauteous groves that skirt its side,

Catching the mellow tints of setting sun,
More gorgeous than the courts of richest kings,
Arrayed in drapery magnificent.

The sacred treasure she espies, and bids
Her attendant maid to bring it hither,
That she may know what lies concealed in that
Frail bark, exposed to dangers imminent.
'Tis brought, the lid's displaced, and lo! a babe
Of handsome mould looks up with a wishful glance,
And sweetly smiling lifts its little hands,
Entreating care and generous favor.
Ah! who could resist from unoffending
Innocence such appeals—so loud, so strong!
'Tis not in woman's heart! here sympathy
Steals with kindly glow, and sheds diffusive
O'er the soul, the gentle rays of pity.
The plea is not in vain!—the princess looks
With tearful eye; the cordage of her heart
Is struck with emotions tender, and she,
The daughter of the cruel monarch who doomed
To death the infant boy, adopts it
As her own, provides a nurse, (she luckily
Proves its mother!) who guards with anxious care
Her precious charge, till in the royal court
The foundling has a place, where duly taught
All Egypt's arts, acquirements he attains
For leading Israel's host from bondage dire,
To glory and to liberty.

The prize is won, the chieftain leads the way,
And Joseph's people, slaves so long, once more
In native land inhale the air of freedom.

The Test.

Original.

'The hue of death is cast o'er everything,
And *vanity* is marked on all I see!'

It was the hour of sunset, the deep, calm, holy hour which seems to breathe more of heaven than of earth. The golden clouds were gathering around the setting sun, like a gorgeous train around a monarch's throne. The arch of heaven was deeply blue, and the Almighty's name seemed written upon its broad expanse, while calm and still, e'en as cradled infants' slumber, lay the blue waters of a small lake, the chief beauty of the village of R—. It was at this calm hour that two female friends might be seen walking on the grassy banks of the lake before mentioned. They were both young, just passing into womanhood. Twenty summers had not yet strown their flowers around their path, and not a cloud had dimmed the joy of one, but had cast a gloom about the other's way.

Caroline Smith was allowed to be the most beautiful of the fair ones of the village of R—. Her dark, rich hair waved over a brow of the purest white, and her clear, large, black eyes beamed with the light of a noble soul. For a number of weeks she had lain upon the bed of sickness, but now the hand of disease was re-

moved, and the rose was fast taking the place of the lily upon her clear cheek. Ellen Gray was the bosom friend of Caroline; from childhood their joys and sorrows had been shared together. Indeed, Ellen was a creature formed 'to love and be beloved.' Gentle and kind to all, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the distressed; the pure intentions of her heart might be read upon her open brow, and her fine eyes beamed with an expression of love and tenderness, which rendered her extremely interesting, if not as dazzlingly beautiful as her friend Caroline. Ellen had been absent from home during the past month, and this was the first time she had seen Caroline since her return, and there seemed to be a certain restraint in the manner of each, as if there was something the heart wished to disclose, yet dreaded to utter; at last Ellen broke the silence.

'How beautiful seems our favorite lake, and how calm and still is all around us; O I do love the hour of sunset,

"When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away;
When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burdened with tender thought."

But, Caroline, why so sad? you have scarcely spoken during our walk. Are you unwell?

'No, Ellen, but there is a burden upon my heart; we have ever been as one, and I will tell it thee. During my late sickness I have been made to feel the vanity of all transitory things, and how needful it is for the soul to make its peace with God, to come to him ere the day of grace is past, if we would secure a home in heaven. And, Ellen, I have seen the error of the way in which I have hitherto walked, and I have felt that it was all a delusion. How then can I be otherwise than sad, when you, the friend of my early days, still walk in that delusion, still live in error, and in the belief of that doctrine which is a snare to the souls of men.'

'And is it indeed true, Caroline, that you have renounced the doctrine of God's impartial grace for that which represents our God as a partial Father, one whose anger we must appease before we can purchase his love.'

'Oh, Ellen, had you been situated as I was, you would have seen the fallacy of the doctrine you profess. It is strange,' continued she with great earnestness, 'how the heart clings to what it once believed, and how hard it is to break the chains of error. In the first stages

of my sickness, I clung to the delusion which I had long embraced, and strange to say, I feared not death *then*, and I have since thought that a sort of infatuation possessed my heart, which prevented me from seeing my state in its true light. But kind friends were near who pointed out to me the error in which I had hitherto walked, and I felt that had I died in the state in which I then was I should have been forever lost. They urged me to renounce my false doctrine, and turn to God while there was time; and, Ellen, I have renounced that doctrine, and I trust that I have found the only true path to the joys of heaven. Oh, then, Ellen, choose that path, and come unto God ere the door of mercy is forever closed! O renounce, I beseech you, that fatal error which leads its followers to certain destruction, and embrace the truth which can alone lead you to heaven! O hear me, Ellen, as one who has but just been rescued from the brink of the grave, and more than all from the pit of error.'

'Caroline,' said Ellen, 'I have diligently listened to all you have said, but before I renounce what you consider error, I would wish for more consideration upon the subject, and would also wish to converse with you awhile.'

'Ellen, I will converse with you as long as you please, and shall still hope to enroll you in the number of those who have turned "from darkness unto light."'

'Well, Caroline, I will speak plainly. You renounced your former faith when your mind was weak, when sickness had reduced your physical and mental powers, when your imagination was easily excited, and when reason could not exert her full force. You was surrounded by believers in endless misery, and (forgive me Caroline if I speak too plainly,) who took this opportunity to lead you to embrace their creed. They pictured to you in lively colors the state of the wicked after death, and the joys of heaven were presented to your view. Your imagination was easily excited, and you seemed to hear the wicked in their agony, and you was lead to believe that such would be your fate unless you renounced your former faith; on the other hand the joys of heaven were before you, which you could share if you embraced their creed. And it is not so very strange, that in such a state you renounced your former faith, for that which was offered you, you thought would insure the joys of heaven forever. But now sickness has de-

parted, and death who seemed ready to take you for his victim, hath withdrawn; I would now ask if you have enjoyed that comfort in your religion you anticipated? Do dark thoughts never rise to dim your joy? What though you may be sure of heaven, there are those who are dearer to you than life itself, who are still in the mists of error. Does not the thought that some of these dear ones may sink into endless perdition, come like a blight upon your path, and when your heart would rejoice doth not this dark thought rise, and quench the light of joy from the eye, check the flow of song upon the lip, cloud the open brow, and cast a shade upon the heart which you in vain endeavor to remove by saying that such is the will of God, and you must be resigned? Oh, Caroline, it is not for woman to believe this doctrine; she is formed to bear a love to all God's creatures, and can she look upon the endless misery of any of her fellow-creatures, be they ever so vile, and say, "Thy will, O God, be done"? Is it not so, Caroline? have I said aught that is untrue?'

'Ellen, I perceive how deeply your heart is wedded to error. You have endeavored to shake my faith, but it is as firm as ever; but the human heart is weak, and clings to loved associations and remembrances, and the affections of earth will sometimes seek to win the heart from God and heavenly things.

'We will then say no more at present, but let not difference of opinion break the silken chain of friendship which has so long bound our hearts together.'

'He died! but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain;
She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.'

'We send these fond endearments o'er the grave,—
Heaven would be hell if loved ones were not there.'

It was at the close of one of the anniversaries of our Independence, that Frederick Ross, the husband of Caroline Smith, alighted from his carriage before the door of his pleasant mansion. He had that day won the meed of praise from a thousand hearts, and twined fresh laurels round his youthful brow. He had engaged the attention of an enraptured audience, by bursts of unrivalled eloquence, and shouts of applause had followed the words which flowed from his lips. Frederick Ross felt, as he entered his home,

that dearer far than all the vain and empty applause of the world was the confidence and undying affection of one devoted heart ; and more soothing to the soul is the soft voice of love, than the words of praise and flattery, though coming from the lips of the great and gifted. Frederick Ross had wooed and won the beauty of the village of R——, and as yet no mighty sorrow had risen to dim their joy ; death had never visited their dwelling or laid its blighting hand on any of their cherished ones. But the golden sun as he took his last farewell of earth, shone on a far different scene in the mansion of Charles Sabine, the husband of our friend Ellen. On a couch, pale but beautiful as sculpture, lay an infant form ; the brown curls hung around the marble brow where death had set his seal ; one tiny hand was hid in their rich luxuriance, the other was held by the agonized mother. The lips were just parted, and the deep blue eyes were fixed upon the face which had ever looked on him in love.

Death unseen stood near, ready to strike the fatal blow ; one short gasp and all was over ; the silver chord was broken, and the tie which had bound that angel form to earth was now forever severed. And the parents fondest hopes of this their cherished flower had faded, e'en as the early buds of spring are blighted by the lingering frost.

O, how strange and mysterious oftentimes appear the ways of Providence to blind erring man ! The parents had prayed for the life of this fair child, that the hue of health might again visit its cheek, and the hand of disease be removed, but it was not so ordained ; death had done its work, and the pure spirit had ascended to God who gave it ; but they with the eye of faith beheld a blest reunion in heaven, and bowed to the dispensations of the Almighty, knowing that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Oh, it is soothing to the heart in its hour of sorrow to have a firm and unwavering trust in the wisdom and almighty power of Him who holds the waters in his hands. And when we gaze for the last time upon the features of the dead, and press our lips to the cold clay before us, and feel that that bright one is now no more of earth, and that one tie which was bound around our hearts is severed, *then* we feel how good is that faith which enables us to look beyond this vale of tears, to a re-union of spirits in that land where sorrow can never come.

Ellen and her husband felt in this their hour of trial, that their faith was sufficient for them. And as Caroline saw the calm resignation of her friend in time of trial, she could not but admit that it was her religion which sustained her, although she firmly believed that religion to be a delusion. She had come to sooth the mourner, but she found that Ellen leaned upon an arm that was stronger than man's, even upon the arm of the Almighty.

But we must all drink of the cup of affliction, for we all have sorrows here below, which make us feel that this earth is not our home. Three months had not passed ere Frederick Ross lay upon the bed of death. A raging fever had seized him in the vigor of health, and all knew, and he himself knew, that he must die, even while life was bright before him ; while fame was presenting to him an unfading wreath, which he would have won—but death came, and fame and all his fairy visions faded before the destroyer. Caroline was bending over his couch, with her dark eyes fixed upon his pale countenance, and a pang worse than death smote her heart, as she felt that they must part ; and O what uncertainty mingled with their future destiny, for Frederick had never professed the religion which she believed. True, he was upright, moral, and always kind ; but the thought that he had not secured the one thing needful, had cost her many a sorrowful hour. And now she beheld him sinking into the grave, without making that profession which she believed needful to secure a home in heaven. The thought was distraction. Frederick raised himself in his couch, and Caroline bent her face to his, and as his last farewell sunk into her heart, it seemed the knell of hope and peace. For now the struggle was over, and death had freed that spirit from all earthly suffering ; and Caroline was left to mourn the loss of one to whom she had given her young affections, one whom she had loved with the true love of woman's devoted heart.

Caroline returned from the grave of her husband with a gloom upon her brow, and a deadening weight upon her heart. She wept not, spoke not ; the world appeared to her a blank with nought to cheer and dissipate the gloom which hung around her, and to futurity she dared not look. In the first hours of her bereavement she had turned to her religion for support, but what had it told her ? It had taught her that he whom she loved above all others, had died with-

out religion, and that the fate of such was an unending state of suffering and wo. Her heart sickened at the thought, and she turned from it, and a melancholy settled upon her, which spoke of deep misery and wo; a melancholy which her religion failed to remove, and which it was feared would deprive her of reason.

Oh, we have need of friendship in this world below, we need it in the hour of joy, and we need it in the hour of sorrow. The kind heart of Ellen Sabine was touched when she heard of the state into which her friend had fallen. She hastened to her that she might pour the balm of consolation into her heart. She started when she saw the change which a few weeks had wrought upon her friend. Her cheek was pale, her brow wore a settled gloom; there was no smile of welcome upon her lip, and her eye seemed to shun the glance of her friend. And such, Ellen thought, is the efficacy of this religion, in the hour of trial, when most a support is needed. Ellen saw that a great work was before her, even the restoration of a fellow being from a state of dark despondency to one of light and joy, and she prayed to God for his aid in this undertaking.

'Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.'

It was a beautiful evening in midsummer. It was a time for the heart to go back to past scenes, with all joys and sorrows, to think over again of the hopes which we once cherished, but which perhaps have faded away. And it was also a time to look forward to the future, to picture to ourselves a path of happiness and joy, wherein we make life a fairy scene, to dream of bliss which may never be realized, and of scenes in which we may never be called to act.

Caroline Ross and Ellen Sabine sat at an open window contemplating the beauty of the scenery around. A year had passed since the death of Frederick Ross, and Caroline was an altered creature. The cloud of melancholy which had hung its sable mantle around her, had been dissipated by the light of divine truth. Her eye had resumed its wonted lustre, and beamed with the light of benevolence and of a pure and holy joy. Ellen Sabine was the same Ellen Gray, whom we have seen in the joy and freshness of youth, with a heart to love all that God has made;

whom we have seen at the bed of death, in the hour of sorrow and of suffering, bowing her heart in humble submission to the God and Father of all men; whom we have seen soothing the heart of a friend, dissipating the cloud of gloom which threatened to extinguish the light of a superior mind.

And who has not seen the sad effects of the doctrine of endless misery in society? How many hearts has it caused to bleed, and how many eyes has it filled with the bitter tears of misery and sorrow! We have seen the sad effects of this religion in the wild, glaring eye of the maniac; reason's light has been extinguished, hope's bright beacon fire has faded, and the light of the mind has sunk in total, utter darkness. And we have seen it in the settled gloom which often broods over the mind like an incubus, stifling all the finer feelings of the soul, and transforming the once lively and lovely being into a mere machine.

And why wonder that it should be thus, when dark and dread uncertainty is thrown around the fate of those who are near and dear? O the human heart must be changed indeed, if it could partake of heavenly joys, while those who once were friends, are sunk in bitter endless wo.

Oh, I would rather believe in Atheism, dark and gloomy as it is, than in that religion which represents God as a partial being. Rather let me sink into an endless sleep, and let the grave be my final home, than rise to heaven, while those who once were dear, have sunk in endless wo. But God has not left us to grope in the darkness of uncertainty. The revelations of the great truth of his eternal love are abundant. They are written in characters of light on the arched heavens, and are found in the riches, melodies, and harmonies of earth. The sacred volume abounds with testimonies of the unlimited and everlasting grace of the Father toward all the children of his power, and man is bidden to rest in a filial trust in his Maker's care. Jesus, the bright image of the Father's glory, came to give the world the hope that never fails, and the comfort that is ever near and satisfying. This doctrine is The Comforter.

N. T.

Charlestown, Mass.

QUERE? Which principle or rule of conduct think you, reader, would be best, for the unity of mankind, now they are so much at variance? To try to take advantage of each other, or to give, each to the other, that which will not injure the giver, but make glad the recipient?

Procrastination.**Original.**

'PROCRASTINATION,' says the poet Young, 'is the thief of time;' no less is it the thief of some of the best opportunities of doing good, and enlarging our stores of knowledge and good principles. 'Business tomorrow!' said the Theban governor as he laid aside a letter unopened, but which contained a revelation of a secret conspiracy against his life which on the morrow was to be consummated. The morrow came, and the governor was numbered with the great congregation of the dead. The friendly letter of warning was sealed, and procrastination became the thief of his life. There is here certainly a good moral against procrastination, and well may we quote the poet Cotton's words—

'Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.'

A beautiful illustration of our subject is set forth in the following sketch from the 'Southern Rose.'

'You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir,' said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure at his lodgings.

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Inklin, 'I shall be going that way in a day or two.'

'Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?' said the pale boy on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

'No,' was the answer, 'I was busy, but I will to day.'

'God help my poor mother!' murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

'Mother, dear,' said the boy, 'Mr. Inklin thinks he can get the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, *three meals!*—and it won't take three minutes to run home and share it with you.'

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness, as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place. 'Not yet,' said the man of leisure, 'but there is time enough.'

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

'It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late,' said Mr. Inklin; 'not a soul here to brush my coat!'

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

'I am sorry to disappoint you,' said the man of leisure, 'but the place in Mr. C—'s store was taken up yesterday.'

The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. 'I don't care now,' said he, sobbing, 'we may as well starve. Mother is dead.'

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

The still small Voice.**Original.**

THE still small voice—the still small voice—
It comes o'er distant mountains,
Among the dark and solemn woods,
Along the leaping fountains.

The still small voice—the still small voice—
'Tis heard when morn is breaking;
When early birds with joyous songs,
The sky and earth are waking.

The still small voice—the still small voice—
'Tis heard when daylight closes,
When star-light gleams o'er all the streams,
And dew-drops bend the roses.

The still small voice—the still small voice—
'Tis heard when winds are sighing
Among the autumn's yellow leaves—
When summer flowers are dying:
From earth and sea and sky and air,
The voice proclaims that God is there.

D. B. H.

Saugus.

Righteousness.

'LET us always remember that Righteousness is of a great extent, and comprehends in it all goodness, it takes in all the duties of religion, and the practise of all of them; it is a complication of all graces and virtues, of all the parts and ingredients, of all the duties and offices of a good man. To denominate a man righteous, all causes must concur; all the essential principles and parts of religion and goodness must meet together; knowledge and practice, faith and good works, right opinions and real virtues, a true profession and a holy life, abstaining from sin, and doing of righteousness, purity of heart and unspotted manners, godliness and honesty, the bridling of our tongue, and the government of our passions, and above all things, charity, which is the band of perfection.'

John Tillotson.

Notices.

REMOVAL. The Editor has removed from East Cambridge to Haverhill, Mass., to which place he desires all communications intended for him to be directed. He asks permission to state, that in leaving the society to which he has been attached for upwards of three years, he does so with the exercise of the most friendly feelings towards its members. The separation is not, on either side, one of disunion of affectionate friendship, but with mutual regret they part. Towards their late pastor the society has tendered a written expression of the most friendly regard, and of perfect satisfaction with his labors. This he states simply because if nothing in reference to his separation from this society is publicly set forth, many will surmise reasons not favorable to said society, or himself, between whom mutual affection and esteem are still cherished. May the great Head of the Church give to this society soon a pastor, who shall go out and in before them as becometh a man, a christian, and a gospel minister.

'LECTURES ON LANGUAGE as particularly connected with English Grammar; designed for the use of teachers and advanced learners. By Wm. S. Balch. Providence, B. Cranston & Co. 1838.' Our thanks are tendered to the Author for a copy of the above work. We received it too late to examine this month, but hope to give it an attentive perusal before our next, that we may offer a suitable notice. The subject is certainly a very important one, and deserving the attentive consideration of every enlightened mind. The 'Lectures' were delivered before the 'Young Peoples' Institute' of Providence, and gave great satisfaction to a large audience, as we learn from a series of resolutions adopted by the Institute highly complimentary to the author. It tells much for the character of the 'Institute' that such a subject as this excited so much interest and attention. The work is a very neat and handsomely bound volume of 252 pages; can be had at this office; price 75 cts.

'SOUTHERN UNIVERSALIST AND EVANGELICAL REVIEW.' Such is the title of a new weekly paper, published at Macon, Geo., and edited by Rev. L. F. W. Andrews. It makes a handsome appearance, and is a well-filled sheet. We commend it most earnestly to the attention and patronage of our southern friends, as every way worthy of their countenance and support. We hope it will be sustained, and be a useful instrument in disseminating a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus, abroad.

'STRICTURES ON RELIGIOUS TESTS, with special reference to the late Reform Convention, by Abel C. Thomas.' This little book was sent forth to vindicate right, and maintain that no man should have peculiar privileges merely on account of his religious sentiments. 'The Convention,' was for the state of Pennsylvania, to reform the constitution of that commonwealth, or to act in reference to a proposed reform. The language of our author is very energetic against religious tests, that trammel the mind, and, in many cases, offer a bounty for hypocrisy. He has our thanks for a copy.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. The initials of our esteemed correspondents, Miss Edgerton and Miss Dodd, were inadvertently omitted at the close of the poems on pages 404 and 405. 'The Nursery of Piety,' was from the former, and 'Virginia May,' from the latter. We hope to hear from both these friends for our next.

To our friend J. G. A. we tender our acknowledgments for the beautiful article, 'The Beauty of Humility.' One who can write so well and so eloquently for the christian graces, should often speak to the gentler sex through our pages. His favors will be always welcome and valued.

We are glad to hear from D. J. M. once more. We thought he had forgotten us. But as he has not, we shall

expect to hear from him again soon, for old acquaintance sake.

There is a person in Portland, Me., who sometimes writes over the initials D. D. S., who must have forgotten us, or he would not keep silent so long. If he should chance to think of us, he will be kind enough to let us know it. Really, friend S—, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?'

We are pleased in greeting our valued correspondent Miss N. T. in a new field. If the 'first attempt' is so successful, what may we not hope for the future? We sincerely hope she will continue to favor us in this way, as well as by her poetic gifts. She has our thanks for 'The Test.'

We acknowledge the receipt of two sermons from our venerable and respected Father Jones. Also an article from our friend D. B. H. which will appear in our next. Why will he not aid us more? Certainly no correspondent is more welcome. We have on hand several short articles not yet prepared for the press.

All communications for the editor must hereafter be directed to HAVERHILL, MASS. If directed to Boston, as heretofore, they will be doubly expensive.

BUSINESS ITEMS. We received from W. D. C., of Waynesboro' \$10; 5 of which was paid to T. W., and the remaining \$5 pays for the Repository up to June 1838.

Two months since we sent circulars to all delinquents; we have heard from a few only; and unless those who have neglected to send to us, make *immediate* returns of some sort, we shall be necessitated to publish their names, and discontinue their papers. We cannot afford to send papers to a multitude of persons, without any remuneration whatever.

Does B. F. R. of Philadelphia, intend to comply with our last proposition? We pause for a reply. We assent to the proposition of T. A. of the same place. Will he attend to the business immediately?

We call attention to that part of our prospectus, where we offer volume IV. as a premium.

When H. T. of Spring Valley, Ky., remitted us \$5 in June last, we supposed he was a new subscriber, and accordingly entered his name at the above place; but by his last letter we have discovered our mistake and rectified it. He has paid up to Dec. 1839.

EXPOSITOR. In order to prevent any further mistakes with regard to the Expositor, I would state that I have nothing to do with the business affairs of that work. Br. G. W. Bazin, at the Trumpet office, is the publisher, to whom all letters on business should be addressed.

Agents, however, when remitting money to me, can also remit to Br. Bazin, by the same conveyance, and I will most cheerfully transact their business. A. T.

We have received a letter from W. B. of Cortlandville, N. Y. He will please accept our sincere thanks for the interest which he has manifested in our work. We have sent in this No. a Prospectus of Vol. 7, which he will please circulate, and if possible *redeem his promise*.

Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending March 28.

J. B., Braman's Corner, \$2; A. M., Alexander, \$2; J. B., South Weare, \$2; J. M. S., Hartford, \$19; C. I., Chester, \$2; J. G., Gordonsville, \$5; H. M., Philomath, \$3; J. M., Lebanon, \$2; S. A. D., Pittsburgh, (\$10 for the expositor) \$20; E. M. P., Springfield, Ohio, \$12; Post master, Hollis, \$13.50; N. A., Fitzwilliam, \$2; J. S., Exeter, (yes) \$2; Post master, Victor, \$4; R. C., Norwich, \$2.50; A. W. S., East Pembroke, (we comply with his request,) \$5; M. F., Gaines, \$2; W. A., Wolcott, \$2; E. B. A., Edington, \$3; W. P. P., Belpre Centre, (the former remittance has been received,) \$5; A. S., York, \$2; W. D. C., Wanesboro', \$5; J. A. A., Leyden, \$4; S. B. Plymouth, \$10; M. B. W., Saccarappa, \$6.

Awake, Awake, put on thy strength.

Con spirito.

Awake! Awake! put on thy strength, O Zi - on, peo - ple of the Lord. Thy

day of ransom comes at length, When all thy tribes shall be re - stored.

Pia.

Crescendo.

Con espress.

A - rise from dust, Je - ru - sa - lem! Thy neck from ser - vile bond - - age

Pia.

Crescendo.

Forte.

tr

free. The Lord thy cap - tives will redeem, And bring them back with joy to thee.

2

How beauteous are the feet of him,
The messenger of truth and grace,
Who, on thy mountain heights sublime,
Proclaims the ransom of thy race!
Whose tidings speak of peace and rest,
And grace to thy dispers'd remains;
Who saith to thee, in accents bless'd,
"Thy holy God, O Zion, reigns."

3

O, Zion's daughter, now again,
Thy beautiful attire assume;
Henceforth profane, unholy men
No more within thy walls shall come.
Ye ruins of Jerusalem,
Break forth; in hymns each voice employ;
The Lord your outcasts will redeem,
And bring them home with shouts of joy.